

*The Australian*

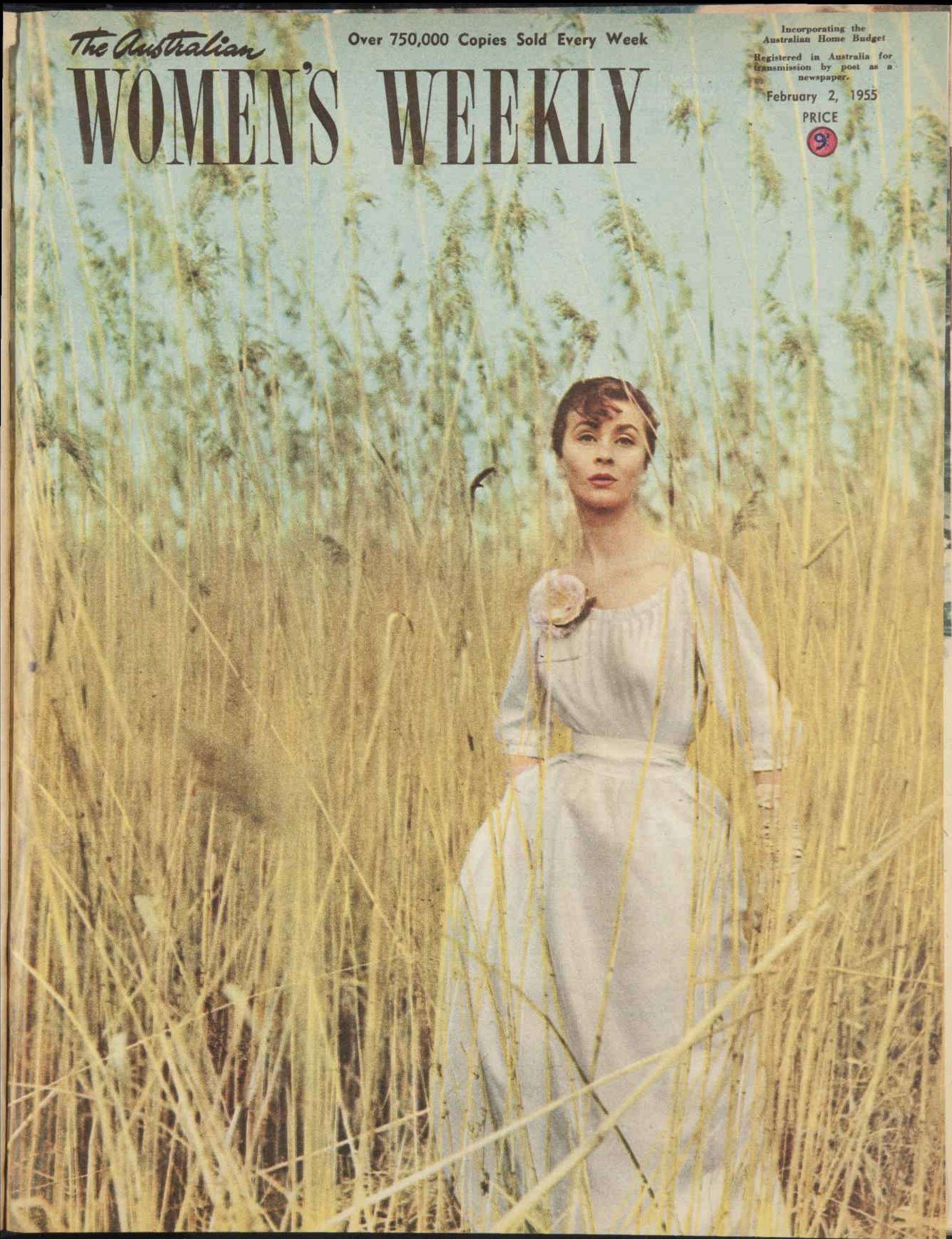
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget  
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February 2, 1955

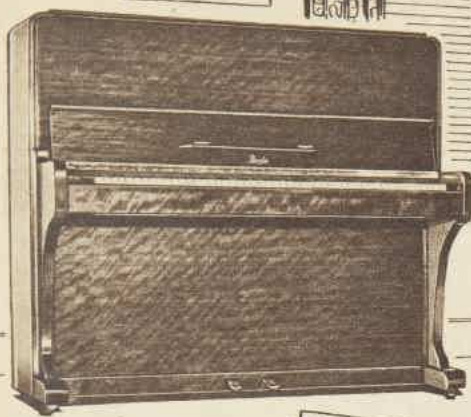
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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 2, 1955

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## STEAK AND EGGS OR CAVIARE?

**D**URING the past few years Australia has been much in the position of a poor little plain girl who has suddenly acquired wealth and beauty.

Until the end of World War II this country, though important in the eyes of its own citizens, was pretty small-fry to the rest of the world.

*Overseas stage stars rarely came here until they were "58 or finished." Film stars didn't visit at all.*

In pre-war fashion fields, though overseas manufacturers knew Australia as a smallish market for mass-produced goods, the great names of fashion design had rarely heard of the place.

Much the same applied in other fields.

*But all that has changed. The post-war boom, putting Australians high on the list of those with real money to spend, has made this a country to be courted.*

Hardly an overseas plane or ship arrives without its quota of visitors eager to sell something, whether entertainment or engine bolts, to this new promised land.

All this is exciting and flattering. But it has its pitfalls.

*If they're to be avoided, Australians must keep a grip on their commonsense and their critical faculties.*

Britain, accustomed for centuries to being a world centre, has built her greatness on accepting the best other countries send her and rejecting the rest. And always she has retained her national character.

Australia, if she is to become similarly great, must do the same. This can be done if everyone uses his judgment before swallowing holus-bolus the exotic imports flowing this way in all fields from high finance to food.

An overseas label, whether it's attached to a hat, a singer, or a pound of cheese, does not necessarily mean that article is the best of its kind.

Caviare, and all it implies, may be very good—but so are steak and eggs.

## Our cover:

● We chose this cover for its pastel loveliness and called it "Summer Fantasy." A girl in a romantic evening gown poses for the photographer in the soft afternoon light.

## This week:

● Hundreds of children from the Far West of New South Wales are brought to Sydney every year by the Far West Children's Health Scheme for a holiday and a health check-up. They stay at Manly, and many see the sea for the first time, most of them taking quickly to the delights of surfing. On pages 12 and 13 you will see them at Taronga Park Zoo and the expressions on their faces are eloquent of their enjoyment—and occasional bewilderment—as they get their first glimpse of lions, tigers, and elephants.

● You see wallpapers selected by the Duchess of Windsor for guest rooms, and her love of color once more emerges. Even in the guest sitting-room, furnished largely in pastel shades, three cushions supply a vibrant color note. She also tells how she plans a party, making the most meticulous lists.

The Duke and the Duchess prefer the simple food, writes the Duchess. So do a great many people, and our Food and Cookery Experts have demonstrated how good this can look—and taste—in a color page headed "Simple Dinner." There are two menus to choose from.

● A smart frock for a matron is available in the Dress Sense pattern. It is designed for the not-so-slim figure.

## Next week:

● The confidences of Miss Marilyn Monroe conclude this week—with the break-up with Joe DiMaggio still to be. Next week we will publish the first pin-up of the post-DiMaggio Marilyn, announced as a serious, decently draped actress who could just possibly emote as well as, say, Audrey Hepburn. Starved for pin-ups while Marilyn was fighting heartache and convalescing from an operation, 40 perfervid cameramen, including Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, 50 reporters, columnists, film stars, press agents, and Elsa Maxwell turned up to meet the new Marilyn.

They did. For an hour she posed in a low-cut white satin dress, worn with an ermine coat, her hair the same dazzling platinum. Feldman reports: "It became obvious that the New Monroe was—thank goodness—substantially the same as the Old Monroe."

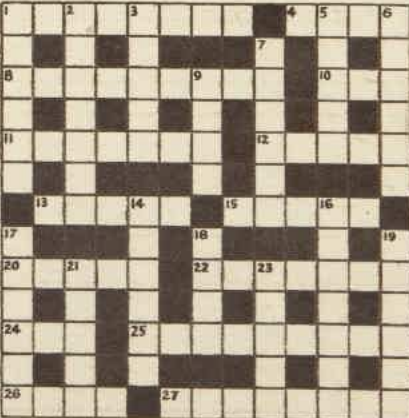
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Gathered to one place (6).
- You could use mixed eats for these refreshments (4).
- They domineer who ride this way over you (9).
- To put in a collection (3).
- We are all this to the Queen and the verb agrees with it (7).
- Only disturbed after printer's measure can you get this new material (5).
- Chilly with the lid on (5).
- Oblique as a London suburb famous for its gardens (5).
- Rush heavily into a flat-bottomed boat (5).
- Loathsome ending in a part of a play (7).
- Anger but not with land (3).
- Complete as a tool (9).
- Time verily conceals it at all times (8).
- In a hole or the man who finds out something new (9).

SPECIAL ACTOR  
A K N I L E R O  
P R A W N M A I D E N S  
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C O M A W A L O I N  
S O L A R A  
B A T H E S I M P L E  
L E D R E N E N  
I M A G E R Y A C R I D  
M R M E N T O  
P I A S H A S T E L L A R

Solution to last week's crossword



### DOWN

- Beat with an impetuous end (6).
- Gee, on the extra seat is a growl (5).
- Titter (5).
- A seal for a frame (5).
- Slit fabrics, the inside made of a vessel (6).
- A Spanish gentleman is a beautiful youth (6).
- Strong dislike (4).
- Aiming at peace though concealed in dire niceties (6).
- Was this peak the place where Eve rested? (7).
- No stirred up bilge to bind a person (6).
- Such line leaves the main and joins it again (4).
- Faithful friend of Ulysses (6).
- Thread about the mother of all (5).
- The end of 22 across (5).



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## TEST PLAYER



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## CUTEX

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## Blood of Vikings

**P**ETE picked up the machete and grimly fingered its edge.

Razorlike. Ready for him to hack his way through the jungle in search of the fabulous white queen, an unspoiled beauty with silky red hair, grey-green eyes, and the supple grace of a wild thing. It meant nothing that the machete resembled a bronze desk ruler and was engraved: Morse and Lovett, Estate Management.

Pete said, "What doth it profit a man to wring a niggardly pittance from Morse and Lovett, Estate Management, if in the process he loseth hith thoul? Soul?"

"You won't wring much longer unless you get to work," said Susy Nissen, a nice enough looking girl bent over a tax form at the next desk.

"Oh, work!" said Pete, staring out the window at glorious May. "That stuff. I yearn for adventure. I hunger for romance. And you offer me work."

"A girl never has to look at a calendar to know that it's spring," Susy observed. "All she has to do is watch the saps start moving."

"That's your trouble, Susy," Pete said pityingly. "You're not too hard on the eyes, you don't move your lips when you read, and you're tanned enough so it's hard to tell whether you have your nylons on or not. But when it comes to romance and adventure you just don't understand."

"There, there," said Susy. "It's true I slugged you a little last night, but that was because you seemed to be putting the adven-

ture ahead of the romance. You don't have to go to Little America or pick up with a nightclub singer on the rebound."

"Our slight misunderstanding of last evening has been utterly forgotten," Pete assured her coldly. He stabbed the air with the ruler. He was the foremost swordsman of France, holding at bay six of the king's best men-at-arms while retreating with his lady, who had silky red hair, grey-green eyes, and a figure emerging splendidly from her assumed peasant's rags.

"As you're a woman," Pete said, "you wouldn't know the divine restlessness that now and then seizes on a man—"

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Susy.

"—the spirit of Vikings, the world-building urge—"

The intercom buzzed. "Miss Morley and Mr. Willow to see Mr. Field. About the boat his client wants to sell."

Pete got up. "How do I stand it? The soul of a poet chained to the rocky bosom of commercial enterprise."

The door opened and a girl and young man came in. Pete gasped. The girl had silky red hair. She had grey-green eyes. She had a figure that could have been towed through water without even leaving a bubble in its wake.

The young man was just another young man. There are a lot of these.

Pete breathed a deep, long sigh, and winched his eyeballs back to place. "Miss Morley! How are you?" And to the man, "Hello, Mr. . . ."

"We'd like to see the boat you advertised," said Mr. . . .

"Fine, fine," Pete said to Miss Morley. "Shall we go?"

Pete took Miss Morley's arm and steered her toward the door with Mr. . . . ah . . . trailing.

Susy sighed.

"Adventure," she said wistfully after he had left. "Romance. I hope you fall overboard and drown."

They went to the yacht club in Pete's car, with Miss Morley and Mr. Wilton in the back seat. Pete kept looking into the rear-view mirror, mindful of the traffic and Miss Morley. Several times the lovely, grey-green eyes met his.

" . . . married the 18th," she was saying. "We thought we'd take our honeymoon trip on a boat."

Pete got the car back on the road. Married? In just four weeks? This wonderful girl and that oaf, Wilton?

"Of course, we're not entirely sure," Mr. Willentz said in a junior executive voice. "We might decide to get settled first and cruise later."

"But isn't it a lovely idea, Mr. Field?" Miss Morley's gaze met Pete's in the mirror.

"Look out!" snapped Wilton.

Pete stopped with the hood of the car not quite under the truck's rear.

"Should have come in my car," fumed Wilton, sticking out a conference-room jaw.

They reached the bay. They crossed the wharf, and Pete saw that Miss Morley moved with the supple grace of a wild thing. He put his hand beneath her arm to help her aboard the Ellen IV. Whittle stumbled after them.

"Poor darling," Susy said to Pete as he hung dizzily over the stern.

"And here we are," Pete said to her, in the cockpit. "Hull old enough to be honest. Almost new diesel engine. Sleeps four easily, six if you have to. Cruising speed 12 knots."

"There's water down there," Winton said severely.

"Bilge," Pete waved his hand. "There's always some on a boat. This pump takes care of it." Pete wasn't sure it was the pump, and didn't know how to turn it on, but he guessed Windum didn't know either.

"Where's the engine?" demanded the latter. One of those buyers who scowl.

"Right there," said Pete. "Slide back that cover—"

"Hatch," corrected Wizen. He slid and looked in.

"Needs new packing around the propeller shaft," came the voice of Wilson from the hatch.

Pete and Miss Morley smiled at each other, souls akin. He knew then it was true love. He knew because he had an overwhelming desire to crush this adorable creature in his arms and then see if Weldon could swim with an anchor chained to his neck.

Wildwood looked up. That kind of sissy. He was still trying to scowl, but he liked the Ellen IV. You could see it in his fishy eyes. And now Pete didn't want him to buy it. He and Pete's dream girl take their

To page 60

Pete longed for adventure—an amusing short story by PAUL ERNST



## Warns Against Harsh Detergents in Shampoos



Popular model Virginia Gray uses Colinated Foam Shampoo. "I find it perfect for our sunny climate," she says.

If you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it! Shampoos containing harsh detergents ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things there is often the risk of solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair and "flattening" out the wave. That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair—use only Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This pure, positively neutral, greaseless shampoo—free from all harsh detergents—cannot possibly injure or change colour of hair. A couple of teaspoonsful cleanses hair of every sign of dirt, dandruff, or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Its lather rinses out easily. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silky, brilliant, glossy, wavy—and far easier to dress and "set."



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# Night of Heartbreak

A dramatic short story by **DON STANFORD**

THAT night was a night of heartbreak and of splendor. It was sheer agony to be present and to be helpless. Yet if I could say now, "I wish I had not seen an old man's heart break," and know my wish would instantly come true, I could not make that wish. It will haunt me all my life, the memory of the old man's son deliberately breaking his father's heart—and his own in the process.

Still, there was the splendor, too, along with the cruelty, and cruelty cannot always be avoided. A time for decision came that night and peace fled before it.

The old man's son was Malcolm Barrow and Malcolm had been my good friend all through Korea and still was when this thing happened. The old man, Mal's father, was The Major and I'd heard about The Major for two years before I met him. The admiration and respect and affection Mal felt for his father was an old story to me

by the time Mal and I were discharged and came back to Washington.

Once I'd met the old gentleman I could not only understand it, but also see that it was mutual—Mal adored The Major and The Major worshipped his son.

The Major was old. He had married at forty-five and his only son was now twenty-six, which made the old gentleman something better than seventy. His military title dated back to the Spanish-American War and he himself was something of an anachronism in our time, a living reminder of another century, an era of elaborate courtliness and conservative good taste and gentle Old World manners.

He was quite possibly the handsomest old gentleman alive, ramrod-straight and leathery-skinned and crisply white of hair and clipped military moustache, with the light still in his faded eyes and a richness in his deep cultured voice and his well-worn, slightly old-fashioned suits.

He was erudite, too, and if a good part of The Major's knowledge belonged to a way of life seldom practised today, that didn't make it any the less interesting nor did it make The Major any the less a model for his son to emulate.

The Major lived alone at a shabbily respectable residential hotel, in a room crowded with the treasures of a long lifetime. There were framed communications and citations, and a personal letter from Teddy Roosevelt, mysterious native carvings, a whole elephant tusk measuring over five feet in length, a hand-carved chess set. He must have had a very small income. But The Major was not a man to accept assistance and he evidently managed by living with frugality.

The Major had only one want and that one could not have been relieved by any adjustment in income. He was lonely. He never would have confessed it, of course, but it was there to be seen sometimes—I could see it myself in the carefully guarded, polite inquiries he



made concerning the health and well-being of Nancy, Mal's wife, and the two small children she had by now produced.

Mal and Nancy had met and married while Mal was stationed in Texas. It had been a rapid courtship, I guess, the way a lot of courtships were just before Korea. And when you looked at Mal and Nancy together, you couldn't always understand how it had led to marriage.

Oh, they made a striking couple, all right. Nancy was small and blond and lovely in a languid southern way, and Mal was long and lean and dark and quick. But all you could think about them was that Nancy when she met Mal must have decided that he was the man for her, while Mal figured that he was going overseas, anyway, and there wasn't much time left for him if he wanted to leave a girl of his own behind. So, without knowing each other very well at all, they got married.

Now, at the time all this happened, their marriage was not actually a good marriage. I don't say it was a bad marriage either, but there was a lack in it. Nancy was as sweet as she could be and Mal loved her in a way, I suppose, and she adored Mal. But their backgrounds were very different.

Mal, who had been reared by his father, was crammed with a bursting curiosity and a glittering intelligence and a lively appreciation of The Major's Old World culture.

Nancy, on the other hand, was pleasantly content to mother her children and love her husband and let it go at that. It made for things they couldn't share—and Mal, who had picked Nancy, wasn't entirely up to sticking with his bargain.

I don't blame Nancy. I don't blame Mal either. He was a funny kind of chap—he was immature in some ways, as quite a few of us were right after we came back from the service. You spend a few of your formative years fighting and you're likely to come back case-hardened in some ways and pretty childish in others. And, of course, Mal's unqualified admiration for The Major had given him a strange sense of values, too. So . . .

So there was Mal Barrow, twenty-six and twice a father and covered with ribbons and never having had a chance to knock up against normal realities and fully intending to live like a gentleman and a gentleman's son. And there was Nancy, wanting only to be a wife to Mal and a mother to his children, without ever fully comprehending or caring in what ways Mal was different from the average guy. And there was The Major—

Nancy thought The Major was just wonderful. She was awed by him. I think she must have been scared to death of meeting him after being married to Mal for two years and hearing about Mal's father as she must have during that time. But Nancy loved The Major on sight and continued to worship him humbly from that time on. Until the night everything went smash.

And The Major—Well, The Major was unfailingly courteous and attentive to Nancy. His attitude towards her was tolerant and affectionate and just a little amused at Nancy's really remarkable naivete.

Occasionally, as I think back on

it, The Major may have seemed a little puzzled that his son had selected this particular girl as his wife. But certainly he never showed resentment nor was he ever inconsiderate of Nancy. In fact, in any conflict between Mal and Nancy The Major invariably sided with Nancy.

It was Nancy who had got The Major out of Washington for the summer. Mal had bought a cottage in the country about a hundred miles away, because a gentleman always sent his wife and children to the country for the summer, and he had established Nancy and the children there where he could run up on week-ends.

I usually ran up with him. And they were fine week-ends, too, with plenty of tennis and bridge and good company and the luxurious feeling derived from pure leisure.

The Major's presence helped a lot. It was Nancy's idea to ask the old gentleman up for the summer—he would be company for her during the week, she said. He was also company for us on week-ends and an automatically available baby-sitter.

And it was wonderful for The Major, no doubt about that. It solved the problem of his loneliness without conflicting with his pride. He positively sparkled on week-ends and he and Nancy evidently managed beautifully during the week. Each week-end you could see Nancy's love for The Major growing and her awe of him shrinking.

It even seemed to lessen the gap between Nancy and Mal. Mal was impatient sometimes and sometimes he would turn to The Major to discuss some subject which Nancy knew nothing about.

And then you could see that in many ways Nancy failed Mal—she simply wasn't equipped to offer him the intellectual stimulus he needed. But The Major always managed to make it appear that there was no lack in Nancy.

"Not that way, honey," Mal said once when Nancy was pouring wine at dinner and took the bottle from her to demonstrate. "Look. You hold the bottle with your fingers spread on top, like this, and you splash a little into the host's glass first and then fill the guests' glasses before you fill his the rest of the way."

He was smiling, but there was the faintest note of impatience in his voice as he glanced at The Major for corroboration.

But The Major only winked fondly at Nancy and said in his precise clipped accent, "Quite. Of course, Malcolm knows these things by rote. He never inquires into the reasons behind them. The first few drops splashed into the host's glass carry with them any floating bits of cork, which one does not offer a guest. The fingers are spread on top of the bottle to demonstrate that one is not surreptitiously poisoning the wine. Did you know that, my dear?"

Nancy hadn't known it. But neither had Mal. And so The Major had restored a kind of equality between them. But there it was: Mal was still learning from his father; there was nothing he could learn from his wife.

Still, it was a good summer. And if it could have continued in the routine that gradually became

established it would have been a perfect one.

The routine was simple enough. Mal and I would drive out from Washington with my girl-friend and Nancy would be waiting for us. And before we unpacked we would inspect The Major's current project.

He worked, you see. Driven by some obscure sense of pride or shame, The Major labored feebly and ineptly during the week on some improvement to the cottage.

One week he painted the porch railings. And he built new kitchen steps, a precarious structure that shifted and groaned beneath your feet because The Major had not been able to drive his nails straight.

The Major was enormously proud of his projects. He could scarcely wait to lead Mal to the current one and receive his praise for it. He bought all the materials—the paint and the boards and the nails—out of his meagre resources and he would hear of no other arrangement.

It was a pathetic attempt to prove that he could still carry his share of the load and ineffably saddening, because somehow you always were reminded of better days when The Major had simply commanded that a nail be driven or a paintbrush swung.

The Saturday night that all hell broke loose began for all the world like any other Saturday night that summer. There was a dance at the club and we'd planned to go after dinner. Mal and Nancy and Midge Wheeler and I. Midge fitted in well at the cottage and I liked her—this was her second week-end there with me. I think Midge and I might have drifted into something if it hadn't been for what happened that night.

The Major was going to baby-sit after dinner. We'd played tennis all morning and spent the afternoon at the pool and we were full of that good lazy-tired feeling.

While Nancy and Midge fed the kids and put them to bed, Mal and I prepared a shaker of martinis and joined The Major on the porch. Mal sighed luxuriously and collapsed in a rocker, with his glass in his hand.

The Major chuckled and remarked, "Reminds me of the Canal Zone, back in nineteen six. Had a bungalow, you know, verandah out front and a brook . . ."

I lost the thread of his narrative in contemplating the delightful precision of The Major's diction and the lazy, soothing richness of his voice.

This was the hour for which The Major lived all week, the bright and shining hour in each of the dwindling hoard of weeks he had to live in which he shared close comradeship with his son.

Neither Mal nor I was thinking of it at that moment, however. We were thinking only that this, surely, was as close to absolute contentment as a man could come.

We finished the martinis with that wonderful feeling of well-being and neither of us made a move to go up and dress. It was just too good a time to interrupt. And there was something else, too.

I don't know why it is, but there are times when you can put away a dozen drinks and never feel a thing, and there are other times when two will leave you stoned to the gills.

By the time the girls came down

all dressed for the club and found Mal and me still dripping happily in wet swimming trunks all over the porch and arguing hazily over which of us was to refill the shaker, it was pretty obvious that this was one of the latter times.

Mal grinned happily at Nancy. "You gals are sure too pretty to cook. What say we all have dinner at the club tonight? Major, you won't mind getting yourself dinner here, will you? And in just one minute I'll prepare a cocktail for you lovely ladies to sip while we gentleman dress."

"Allow me," The Major said courteously, and deftly took the shaker from Mal and the change in plans was settled just as quickly and easily as that. Nancy tried feebly to object to eating out, but no one listened to her. Nancy was the only one who wasn't thoughtless, who did think of how The Major must feel.

The Major probably had been looking forward all the week to having dinner with us. These would be a few more of his cherished hours. It was so important to him and we had been so casual, so thoughtless about snatching it away. He was going to be lonely this evening, he was going to feel useless and discarded and forlorn—and, except for Nancy, nobody gave it a thought.

He didn't show it, of course. He stood at the cottage door when we

To page 38



NEW REFRESHMENT FOR HOT SUMMER DAYS!

# Lifebuoy...with Brand-New Perfume

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Buy the  
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Even Rip van Winkle wouldn't have had a chance against Larry in the sleep stakes.

# THE SLEEPY HUSBAND



POLLY KINGSLEY'S husband was good-looking in a lean, tall sort of way, like the Western-movie marshal who walks right up to the bad guy and takes the gun from his hand.

Polly Kingsley's husband wore high, laced boots and whipcord breeches, because he was a construction supervisor and he looked wonderful in them.

On special occasions, or on no occasion at all, he would bring home odd little presents, like a bunny stuffed with jelly beans, Polly's favorite candy. Everything was peaches with Polly Kingsley except for one little thing. Almost every night of the week her husband fell asleep after dinner.

It would happen like this. Each evening when Larry Kingsley returned from his construction job, he would lift Polly up in the air and kiss her for keeps. Then he would go into the bathroom and wash up, making sounds like a man wrestling a swamp alligator.

Then he would eat a dinner that would get respect from a farmer at harvest time. While Polly stacked the dishes in the automatic dishwasher, Larry would take himself into the bedroom and lie down on the bed to read the evening papers.

On one such evening, after an indefinite time had passed, Larry Kingsley awoke with a violent start. "What hit me?" he said.

"It was I, your loving wife," said Polly. "Get up."

"What time is it?"

"Eight-thirty."

"Moses in the mountains!" Larry exclaimed. "I'm late for work."

"Steady, man. The job begins in eleven hours, and you're already dressed."

Larry Kingsley looked at his rumpled clothes. "I must have just closed my eyes after dinner," he decided.

"That's what Rip van Winkle said."

"Now, wife, don't chivvy me when I'm just getting up," Larry pleaded.

"I never see you except when you're just getting up or just going to sleep. I feel like a Pullman porter."

"Cease fire for a minute, wife. My teeth feel as if they have socks on them."

Polly followed him into the bathroom and squeezed out some toothpaste on his brush. "Brush your

hair, too," she said. "We'll go to a movie, and we'll show up those homely actors."

"Oh, now, honey," said Larry, "I'm too drowsy. Let's just sleep through. We'll get a good rest and be fresh in the morning."

"I'm fresh this evening," Polly said. "I'd like to see a movie once so I can describe it to my grandchildren."

"You can see movies on television," Larry said as they went back to the bedroom.

Polly sat down on the bed. "Darling," she said, "what do I care about movies? I just want to be with you. I wouldn't care if you just stayed up and helped me with the dishes."

"Haven't you got an automatic dishwasher?"

"Television, dishwasher—everything in this house lights up and hums except my husband. I'm going to start sending valentines to the electric company."

"Tomorrow night," said Larry, taking off his shirt. "Tomorrow night we'll take the town apart. I'll show you the rhumba I learned while building a Navy base in Cuba. Right now, if you don't mind, I'm terribly sleepy."

"Everybody sleeps," Polly told him. "Hibernation is another story."

"I work hard all day in the open air. It knocks me out. I'm trying to get us some security in our young age."

Polly put her arms around him and kissed him. "I'm sorry, darling," she said. "I know you work hard. Running the house is a bit of a job, too. Before we have kids, it would be nice if we could have a little fun together. Do you think you'll ever get enough rest?"

"I have a theory about that," said Larry, putting on his pyjamas. "I don't think anybody ever really gets enough sleep. I think it's a myth about eight hours a night being enough. I think if they forgot about this eight-hour business and worked it all out on a natural basis they'd discover people really need ten or even twelve hours' sleep a night."

"Napoleon slept only four hours a night."

"All right, look what happened to him," said Larry, getting into bed.

"Oh, let's make a double date with the Harmons tomorrow," Polly said. "There's a place out on the

road where they play really dreamy music. They play rhumbas, too, I hear. Do you think you still remember what you learned in Cuba? Do you, Larry?"

But Larry was already asleep.

Polly looked at the black fringe of his eyelashes lying against his deeply tanned skin. She looked at the firm jut of his chin. "You're handsome and I love you, and tonight I forgive you," she said, sighing. "Tomorrow I'll be smart and give you two cups of coffee at dinner, and we'll go out dancing and have a crazy time. It's a plain case of mind over mattress."

The next evening the coffee did not keep Larry from his rendezvous with Morpheus, nor did it the next. Over the week-end the weather turned fair and Larry worked in the garden, landscaping and hauling rocks.

It was a new house, and Larry was the sort of fellow who could not rest until he had it squared away. He fell into bed after dinner as if he had been hit on the head with a safe.

Then there were nights when Polly skipped the dinner dishes and kept talking to Larry to keep him awake. Deprived of his nap, he staggered around like a man in a trance, so that finally she would say, "All right, Stuporman, go to sleep. This is too cruel."

Sometimes the small irritations in a marriage pass and are forgotten. Sometimes, especially in the first year of marriage, they become magnified until they seem to color the entire relationship. When it comes to magnifying a small irritation, there is nothing like the services of a good friend.

Polly's good friend was Horty

switch off your favorite television show so he can watch the fights," Horty said.

"Is that what your husband did?"

"Both my husbands were before television. We staged our own fights."

A tear appeared at the corner of Polly's eye and sparkled there like a tiny jewel before it ran slowly down her nose.

"What good am I around here if my husband doesn't want to be with me? Every day I'm being undermined. I'm young, I'm pretty. But I feel as if I'm a drab nothing, a thousand years old."

"That's just the point," said Horty. "You are young and pretty. You can get out of this trap and still have your whole life before you. I've got a lawyer who makes a specialty of wives with sleepy husbands."

"I don't need a lawyer. I need some moral support from my husband."

"It can't do any harm to talk to a lawyer," said Horty. "A girl should know her rights."

"I suppose so," Polly agreed, "but I don't want to start anything."

"Of course not," said Horty. "We'll just go and talk."

Horty's lawyer had his office in the centre of the business district, and traffic was terrible. Then it turned out he had a great deal to say.

The lawyer had correspondence arrangements with other lawyers in Arkansas, Florida, Mexico, the Virgin Islands. He could make hotel and train reservations. Apparently a girl had nothing to do except pick the climate that suited her best.

It was six-thirty before Horty turned her car into the suburban-bound traffic. Polly huddled against the door in the front seat.

"Mexico would be nice," said Horty. "The silver jewellery is so cheap. But you always get such a wonderful burn in Florida."

"I've already been burned," said Polly grimly.

"Don't be blue," said Horty.

"I will be blue," said Polly. "But blue, green, or red, I'm going to get straightened out with this situation before I'm too old to try."

Horty stopped the car in front of Polly's house. Larry's car was

"Everybody sleeps," said Polly to Larry, "but hibernation is another story."

in the driveway, and there was a light in the kitchen. "I'm an hour late for his lordship's dinner," said Polly.

"If he makes a fuss, come over to my place," Horty advised.

Polly stepped out of the car and squared her shoulders. "Just let him yawn," she said. "Let him rub an eyelid, and I'll be over."

Horty drove on two additional houses to her own place. Polly started for the front door. It was two minutes after seven when she entered the house.

Forty-eight minutes later she came out and cut across the front lawn on the way to Horty's. Horty answered the door with her hair in curlers.

"That's right," said Horty. "Come right in, poor baby."

"I came over to thank you," said Polly.

"For what?"

"For taking me to the lawyer's office, Horty."

"Are you going to Mexico or Florida?"

"Neither. I'm going back to the house."

"Has he had his dinner yet?"

"He had dinner for five. But he's chipper as a chipmunk, thanks to you, Horty."

"I don't get it, honey," Horty said. "What did I do?"

"You kept me out late this afternoon. Now I know the formula."

"What formula?"

"It's very simple. I put his meal on the table at seven o'clock instead of at six. The poor darling has come home so tired from work that he takes his nap before dinner."

"And after?"

The light from the door lamp reflected brilliantly from Polly's shining eyes, glistened from her white teeth, danced over her earrings, glowed softly on her smiling face. "Right now," said Polly, "we're going out to do the rhumba."

And then Polly Kingsley went back to her husband, who was in the bathroom making washing-up sounds like a man strangling an octopus. And that is the end of this little story.

(Copyright.)

By LEE ROGOW

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

Farraday. Horty lived two houses away on Elmhurst Drive, and she often said that the nicest thing about herself was that she had a knack for smoothing things over when people had quarrelled.

"The beast," said Horty one afternoon. "He did it again last night?"

"Out like Sleeping Beauty. Except when I kissed him he didn't wake up."

"Well, at least he isn't trying to





New mystery serial  
by the popular  
Australian author

**MARGOT NEVILLE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

# MURDER and Poor Jenny

**J**ENNY FENTON looked surprised when she opened the door of her flat and saw who her visitor was.

Surprise must inevitably fall on the side of either pleasure or dismay. On seeing Nigel Tait-Smith, Jenny's face broke into a sparkle of welcome, but a fleeting blankness had been there first.

"Nigel! You! Come in. How nice!"

Nigel came in, placed his hat on the hall table and carefully smoothed the sides of his greying hair. "You didn't expect to see me this morning."

"No, I didn't." Her glance swept the grave face, the subdued mien. "Is there something wrong? What is it?"

"Well, my dear . . . Lilian's a good deal worse."

"Nigel, I am so sorry."

"She had another seizure last night. The doctors say it may be only a matter of days now."

"Oh, dear! . . . that's dreadful."

"Yes, it's a shock—after twenty-five years of marriage—even though one's known for a long time that her heart condition could only end this way." He followed her into the sitting-room.

It was very much the conventional room of a furnished flat, or had been till Jenny Fenton came to live in it. After that, it had taken on something of the vividness of her personality, and Nigel Tait-Smith had added those trifling effects that gave it its present air of luxury: a couple of interesting modern paintings, all the newest books in their bright jackets, two outrageous lounging chairs; and always flowers, daily arriving flowers, to greet one at the door with color and scent and springing freshness.

He said now, seating himself in one of those same chairs, leaning back with shut eyes and sighing: "Oh, the peace, the haven of this place, Jenny."

"Whose work is that, Nigel?"

"Nonsense. Anywhere that you alighted would be the same," he told her, opening his eyes and letting them rest on the picture she made as she stooped and buried her face in a bowl of white lilac—this morning's offering—and drank in its scent. "I hope you don't mind me dropping in here in the morning and burdening you with my troubles?"

"Mind! You know how happy I always am to see you. If only I could do something to help."

"You do, Jenny. By just being you, God bless you! The only happy moments I've had in months have been here, or with you somewhere. Your wonderful understanding and sympathy, your sweetness . . ."

A man so successful in controlling millions, vast interests, could naturally find just the right tone to secure his position with another woman while his wife hovered between life and death.

He took a slim white box from his pocket, broke the seal, and lighted a cigarette; the box he slipped on to the table behind him—one for himself and ninety-nine for Jenny.

She was at the window, shutting out an intruding sunbeam. "You poor darling!" she murmured. "Sit there while I run out to the kitchen and make some coffee." She moved to the door.

Where Jenny moved Tait-Smith's eyes, bewitched, swam after her. "How uncommonly fresh and charming you look this morning, my dear."

Over her shoulder she smiled back at him. Shining eyes, broad-browed, heart-shaped face, Romney's Lady Hamilton, enchanting, irresistible . . .

When Jenny Fenton had come from Malaya to Sydney three months ago she had brought a letter of introduction to Tait-Smith. Men with far-flung fortunes are always being pelted with letters of introduction. He had sighed on opening it. A widow—her husband killed by bandits, poor soul—he would have to do something about her, he supposed, and he had instructed his secretary to telephone her and make an appointment for dinner, a restaurant dinner, his wife being too ill to entertain.

On that evening he had dressed himself correctly but wearily, read his evening paper, said his usual courteous good night to his wife, gone downstairs and slowly got into his car and been driven to the restaurant.

Jenny had come in only a few minutes later—dark, medium height, not thin, not plump, in a dinner-gown that his money-minded eye told him was far from expensive. She had come towards him with a sparkle on her face, a grace and aliveness in her carriage that had made the people round seem like joyless robots.

And as they had sat at dinner everything had been for him: her smile, the delighted little laugh that greeted his smallest conversational sally, the magnetic attraction of her glance, over which the lids, thick-lashed, narrowed with a hint of delicious slyness.

That first meeting with Jenny exploded in Tait-Smith's life like a bomb in a neat warehouse. That night his sleep was fitful. Next morning he called on his tailor and ordered four new suits and a wealth of ties, visited a manicurist, spent half an hour at a florist's ordering hyacinths, violets, winter roses, dipping his nose into the flowers, as though awaking for the first time to the sensations evoked by their scent.

Then he had set about the business of finding a furnished flat for her, found one, too—by heaven knew what wire-pulling!—at Arlington Court, only a stone's throw from his own gloomy mansion in Darling Point.

Arlington Court consisted of five most desirable flats, with not even a lift to disturb their pleasurable hush. Instead, just two short flights

of stairs with thick carpet that deadened foot-falls. The view from the windows was down over gardens of flowering shrubs and trees to a stretch of untroubled blue water where white boats rocked at rest.

Here Jenny had alighted, cultivated her fellow flat-dwellers, and entertained Nigel Tait-Smith with a brilliant mixture of warmth and coolness.

She came back now with the coffee-tray. He was strolling about the room, his tall, stiff figure pausing at a picture, at the view from the window, his usually shut businessman's face registering, all unwittingly, a hundred per cent. contentment.

He said, turning as she came in: "A pleasant enough flat, isn't it? Eh? Roomy and quiet."

"Don't be modest, Nigel. Who could ever have expected anything like this? With the flat famine in Sydney and me a lone lorn widow not knowing a soul here!"

"My only fear," he said ruefully, "is that the rent is rather more than you meant to pay."

"Oh, well . . . After all I've been through I'm simply not going to think about that yet."

"Poor Jenny. I wish you'd let me . . ." his hand made a half-movement towards the region of his heart. But it wasn't his heart, it was towards the pocket where he carried his cheque book.

She stopped him. "No, Nigel, you know I won't."

"Just to tide you over," he begged. "It would give me such great pleasure . . ."

"No, no, no. That subject's forbidden. Come and sit down and have your coffee. When my little bit of capital's finished I'll get a job. Why shouldn't I work like other women? Good heavens—"

"Because you're not like other women, not like any other women I've ever met. Your independence, your refusal to take anything from anyone."

"Well, it's just my way."

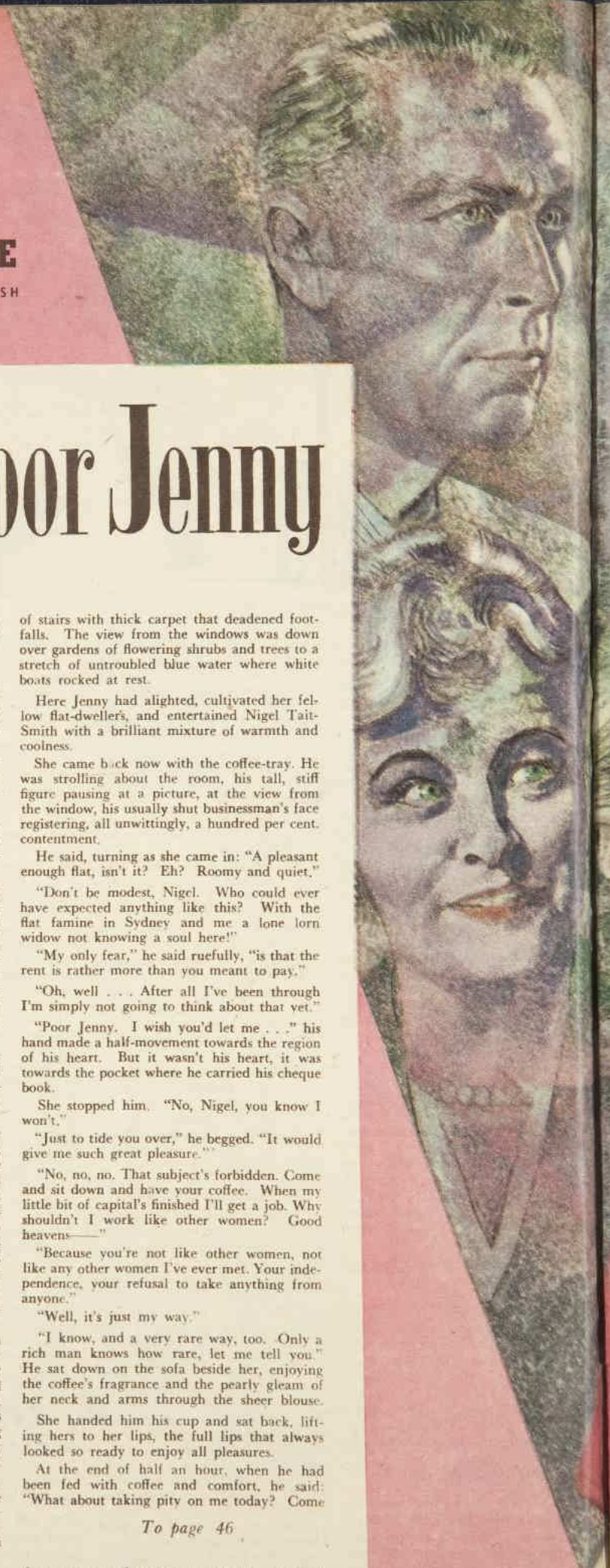
"I know, and a very rare way, too. Only a rich man knows how rare, let me tell you." He sat down on the sofa beside her, enjoying the coffee's fragrance and the pearly gleam of her neck and arms through the sheer blouse.

She handed him his cup and sat back, lifting hers to her lips, the full lips that always looked so ready to enjoy all pleasures.

At the end of half an hour, when he had been fed with coffee and comfort, he said: "What about taking pity on me today? Come

To page 46

*Jenny was enchanting, irresistible, beloved. How could the ugliness of crime intrude itself into her life?*









**Mummy MUST Read**



**BABY**  
MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS  
FEBRUARY 1955

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# BABY

MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS 2/-

## FEBRUARY ISSUE INCLUDES

- **TWO FAILURES—THEN SUCCESS.** The true story of a mother's fight against a physical disability that prevented her breast-feeding her babies.
- **WHAT'S YOUR WORRY?**—Mothers' questions answered by a leading doctor.
- **PARTY WITHOUT TEARS.**—You'll enjoy planning your party for tiny tots the easy way.
- **KEEP YOUR FIGURE.**—Easy pre-natal exercises improve health, and keep you "social" longer.
- **SHOULD WE RING THE DOCTOR?** When Baby's cut-of-sorts, a quick-reference chart helps you find out what's wrong.
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- **HAVING A BABY TAKES TRAINING.**—A leading maternity hospital matron talks to prospective parents.
- **THE MOST REWARDING MONTHS.**—A mother of six tells why breast-feeding was so good for her and her babies.
- **TEETHING FACTS AND WORRIES.**
- **AND LOTS, LOTS MORE.**

Sister Mary Jacob, noted mothercraft adviser of The Australian Women's Weekly, is one of "Baby's" expert editorial panel.



IT TELLS ABOUT PROBLEM CHILDREN: How modern training brings discipline.

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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHAT a boon it would be if maternity hospitals had a special section (not necessarily in the same building) where little children already in the family were taken care of during mother's subsequent confinements. Many mothers who have no one able or willing to look after their elder children become desperately worried about them while in hospital. Our Queen wishes the money raised to commemorate her coronation used for the benefit of mothers and babies. Surely some of it could be used for new sections in maternity hospitals to care for older children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. White, Concord, N.S.W.

MOST of us are slow to give praise. It may not be good form to do so, but I know how a word of true praise acts on me. Is there anything so depressing as the person who, when asked how he or she likes anything, says "not bad." It often takes effort to praise specifically, rather than saying a general "very nice," but what confidence is given to a person by praise. It is a wonderful tonic and tends to bring out the best in people.

10/6 to (Mrs.) Naomi Aberley, Lillimeer, Vic.

THERE are many complaints about our churches being half-empty. Well, why not more comfortable seating? Old folks, especially those with rheumatic joints, and people with disabilities cannot sit on the hard benches or pews for any length of time without suffering. I know of only one church with upholstered pews, and it has a very good attendance record. Surely comfortable seats could be designed that would not detract from the beauty and dignity of our churches.

10/6 to (Mrs.) O. Sander, Rockhampton, Qld.

IN these days when color consultants stress the value of colorful surroundings, when color therapy is used and colorful clothes and dwellings are more in evidence than ever, is not the yearning of the powers-that-be to inflict school uniform on State-run schools a backward step? Last Education Week, the junior school grouped for singing looked like a field of gay flowers. Next year if the suggestion of the school council is followed, we shall see regimented ranks of dull grey, and bad luck if your child looks ghastly in grey.

10/6 to "Color Bar" (name supplied), Red Hill Sth., Vic.

WHY is it that the average person's table manners seem to be getting worse and worse? In cafes, hotels, and restaurants and at home, too, we see people piling too much food on to their fork, shovelling it into their mouths, and, horror of horrors, chewing with their mouths open.

10/6 to A.E.L. (name supplied), Junee, N.S.W.

THANK you for the "Beautiful Australia" pictures. I live in a drab rented room, and have no means of hanging pictures, so I cut your lovely pictures out and paste them in a book. They add a touch of brightness to my dreary, colorless life. I am hard of hearing and old and cannot go to pictures or visit, so thank you for the bright pictures.

10/6 to (Mrs.) V. Wilson, South Yarra, Vic.

WHY do waitresses in restaurants and milk bars seem to think themselves above the customers? Anyone would think customers affronted them by wishing to buy refreshment or a meal. Waitresses should at least look and sound as if they were willing to help. It is terrible to think that the customers, the main source of their in-

come, should almost lose their appetites from the attitude of waitresses.

10/6 to (Miss) F. Pearson, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

### Blamey memorial

I QUITE agree with Mrs. M. Hedley, who feels that a memorial to Field Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey could take a better form than a statue (The Australian Women's Weekly, 12/1/55). It horrifies me to see the money that has been wasted on war memorials in the capital cities. This money would have been better spent on war widows and their children.

10/6 to (Mrs.) Alma Coyle, West Heidelberg, Vic.

I CANNOT agree with Mrs. Hedley regarding the Blamey memorial. If the statue is a work of art it will be a treasure to be enjoyed by people now and generations to come. "Man does not live by bread alone," and I do think that Australians as a whole are an artistic nation and really appreciate beauty in any form.

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Oakes, Waverley, N.S.W.

### Children in hotels

MRS. E. JAMES says it is disgraceful that mothers should take young children into hotel lounges (The Australian Women's Weekly, 12/1/55). I am one of the mothers condemned in her letter, but it is because there is no other social life where I live. I do not forbid my children beer, even the youngest has a taste occasionally. I find forbidden fruit tastes sweetest, and if it is forbidden teenagers only wait until they are or look old enough to be served to start drinking. We do not need laws of Parliament about this, only laws of common sense.

10/6 to "Daybreak" (name supplied), Orbost, Vic.

## Family Affairs

- Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

SOME years ago, I decided to teach my young son, aged four, how to cross a road safely. This may not seem such a major family problem, but he was starting kindergarten and he had to cross a main road as well as a few minor thoroughfares.

I started his road-safety education at a minor road crossing. I taught him to look right, left, and then right again before stepping off the kerb and we made a game of it. When he learned this lesson, I would close my eyes and tell him to lead me across safely. This he did splendidly and gradually I worked him to the main road with its fairly heavy traffic.

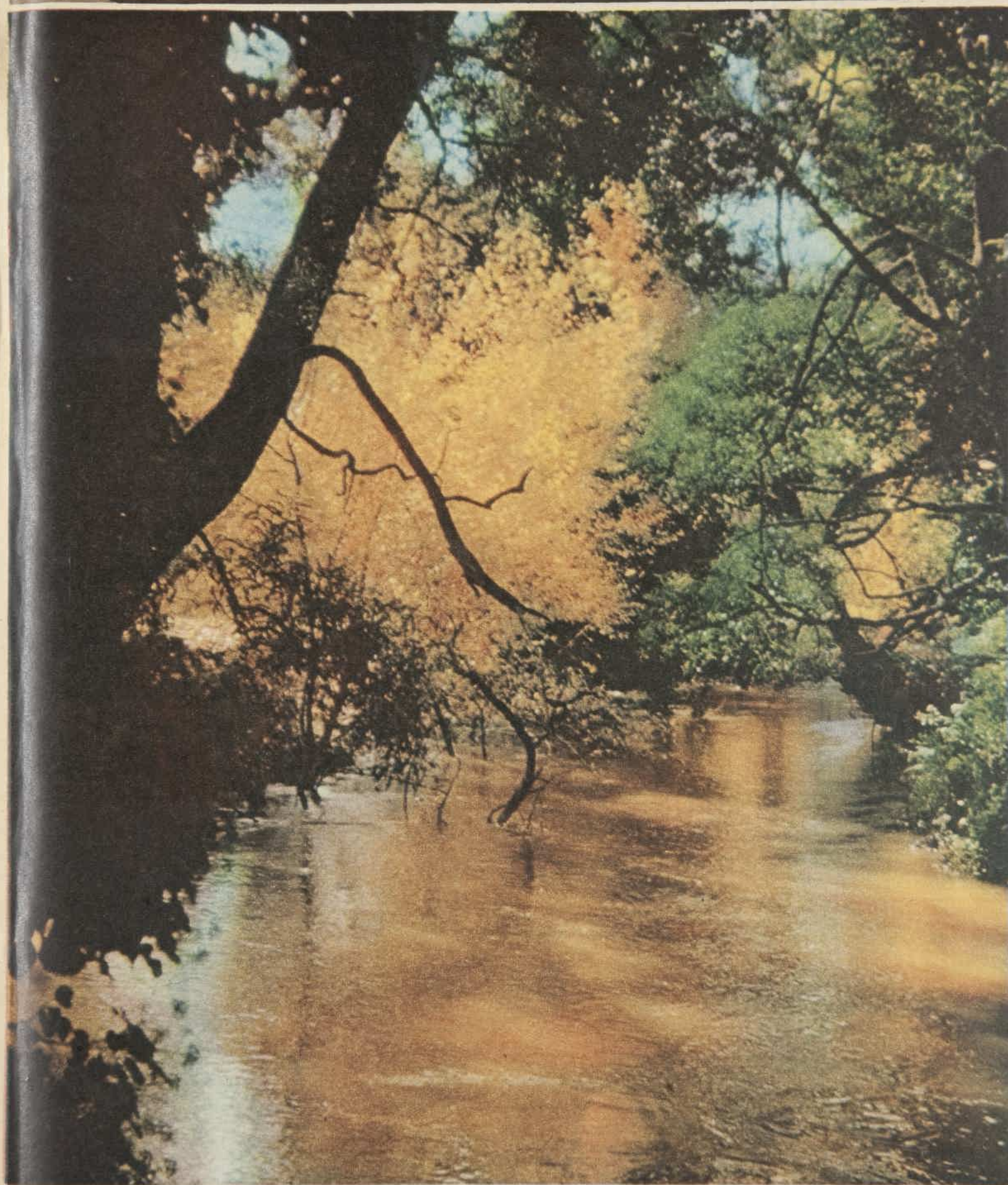
I even closed my eyes and let him lead me across this road and, believe me, he took less chances than I would, so I knew he would be quite safe. After a few weeks of teaching and practice John was able to come home alone and I had no qualms about his crossing busy streets.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A.J.T. (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.





# PICTURE PARADE



## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

● The Tarwin River flowing through Moss Vale Park, Mirboo North, South Gippsland, Victoria. This picture was taken by the Rev. George Rees, of Merrylands, N.S.W. Moss Vale Park, Council property, is an excellent camping ground. The turn-off to it is near the village of Berry's Creek.





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Page 12

**Ooo .. LOOK! BEARS!**



● The first time of anything is always exciting and important, especially when you're young. This summer, for the thirtieth year in succession, a group of 150 children from outlying country districts of New South Wales made their first trip to Sydney, sponsored by the Far West Children's Health Scheme, saw the sea and swam in it for the first time, and made their first visit to a zoo. At Taronga Park they were silent and a little awed by the lions, quite at home with the koalas, amused by the monkeys, and derisive of a sheep they encountered in the Zoo kindergarten. The sheep bleated at them, and the children, all aged from ten to 12, bleated right back at it.

KOALAS, particularly this mother koala and her nine-months-old baby, were the favorite animals of 10-year-old Pam Alderton, of Golgol, on her first visit to the Zoo. Pam is one of 156 outback children who spent three weeks' city holiday at Manly. Photographs on this and the opposite page were taken by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 2, 1955



# The Far West goes to the Zoo



FAR WEST children's visit to the Zoo kindergarten was planned to coincide with the three-weeks-old baby emu's morning bottle. Zoo attendant Sae Wilton holds the bottle while the girls of the party cluster around. The boys were more interested in the small emus.



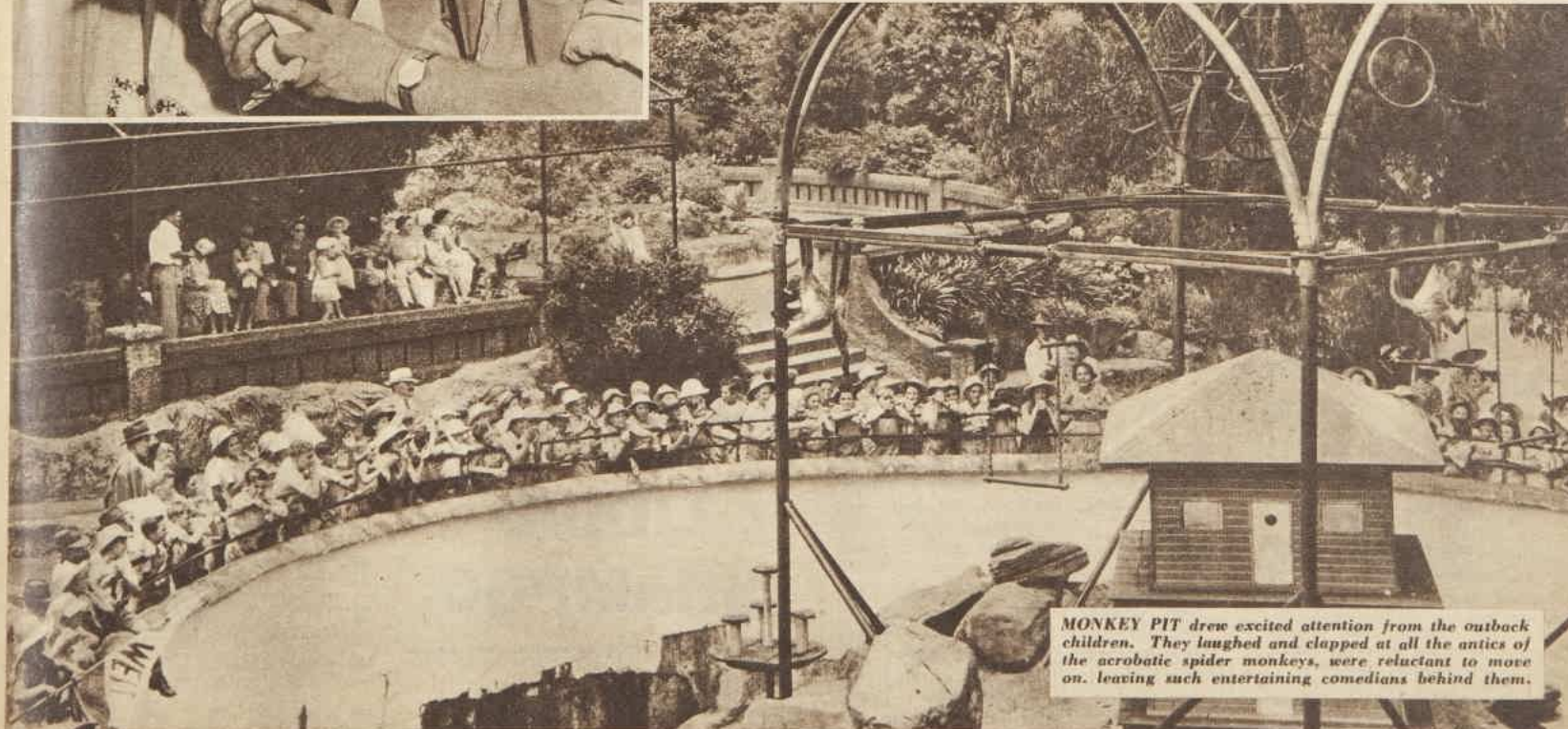
GEORGE, friendly koala, nuzzles the hat-brim of Geoffrey Eade (10), of Hay, while Lindsay Richard (10), of Euabalong (left), and Richard Clayton (11), of Boggabilla, watch.



LEFT: Sisters Coral and Connie Vincent, of Euabalong, timidly admire a fairy penguin held by Taronga Park Zoo supervisor Chick Cody, who conducted the Far West children on a tour over every corner of the Zoo. It was their first visit.



ABOVE: Giraffe earns some gumtaps and a few cautious pats from Far West children. They had never seen giraffes, lions, and tigers except in movies and picture-books; were more thrilled by the Zoo visit than any city child used to such wonders.



MONKEY PIT drew excited attention from the outback children. They laughed and clapped at all the antics of the acrobatic spider monkeys, were reluctant to move on, leaving such entertaining comedians behind them.



To make hair young and

# Shining Clean

Don't  
soap it!



**Jeanette Elphick**

Lovely Australian model and film star. Jeanette needs to have her hair always looking its shining best. She says, "Every weekend without fail, I shampoo my hair. I use Vaseline Liquid Shampoo, because it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing — leaves my hair soft and fresh".

## Shampoo each week with



Look at that lather — next weekend shampoo your hair with the same bubbling beauty rinse. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo foams up so quickly into a fast-cleansing lather . . . then quickly rinses out all dirt and dandruff. See for yourself why Jeanette Elphick and other famous models choose "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo.

Just "washing" your hair really isn't good enough. Soap leaves a dull veil over your hair — no matter how carefully you rinse. This weekend, *shampoo* your hair! Use "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo — the super-soft shampoo with the gentle, instant lather. See your hair become suddenly exciting . . . shining clean . . . alive with fresh, youthful beauty.

Next time — reach for "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo instead of the soap. Leave your hair cleaner — shining clean — and fresher than you've ever known before. Perfect for oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair.

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## ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

# More prizes to be won

## Additional set of five tyres to be awarded with each car

This week we are happy to announce that more prizes have been added to the already superb prize list of our Road Safety Contest. In addition to the Hillman Minx cars, the winners will receive an extra set of five Olympic tyres and inner tubes.

THE eight sets of tyres are being presented by the Olympic Tyre and Rubber Co. Pty. Ltd. "to encourage interest in the road safety topics introduced by the contest" and in appreciation of the valuable part the contest will play in promoting road safety.

They increase the total value of our prizes—originally worth more than £8000—by nearly £300.

Every member of the family has a chance to win these valuable prizes.

The contest, which has been devised in collaboration with the Australian Road Safety Council, is easy to enter and has an appeal for everyone.

It provides an absorbing interest for all, because road safety concerns young and old, parent and citizen, pedestrian and driver.

At various times most motorists and pedestrians have expressed themselves strongly on the need for more traffic signs, lower speed limits on country highways, better street lighting, etc.

Now you have a chance to give your ideas on ways in which Australian roads can

be made safer for you and your children.

All you have to do to enter our contest is to study and think over the suggestions for improving road safety that we are printing every week until our issue dated February 23.

Sixteen of these suggestions in coupon form have been printed in our previous four issues.

Four more are printed below.

In all, 32 suggestions will be published.

The closing date for entries—March 23, 1955—gives entrants ample time to consider carefully the eight suggestions they think the best.

No one will know what the eight winning suggestions are until after the closing date, not even the members of our judging panel.

The judges—Road Safety representatives in each State—will send their individual

ideas of the best suggestions after the final four have been printed.

Their answers will be computed after the closing date on the same basis as the preferential voting system.

In the event of any of their suggestions tying, Mr. T. G. Paterson, chairman of the Australian Road Safety Council, will make the casting vote.

Thus no one will know what the best eight suggestions are until after the closing date for entries.

Until our issue dated February 23, when the final four suggestions appear, you have nothing to do except cut out the coupon each week and think carefully over each suggestion.

Remember that narrow escape you had from an accident when you were driving round that dangerous corner and how you thought of an excellent way of making it a safer bend for motorists?

Use your commonsense and experience as a driver or pedestrian to guide you in your final selection, and between now and the end of the contest observe the road behaviour round you.

You will find it well worth while if you are one of the lucky winners and, no longer dependent on public transport, can pack your family off in the Hillman Minx for a day's outing or holiday.

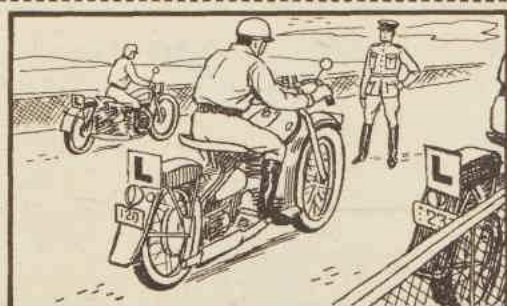
### HOW TO ENTER

- Cut out each week the coupon showing the four road safety suggestions. When you have the whole 32, choose the eight you consider the most effective and list them in their order of merit on the entry form, which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated February 23. To this form must be attached a complete set of the eight coupons.

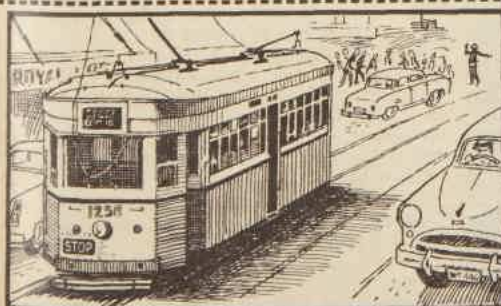
### SAVE THIS COUPON UNTIL END OF CONTEST



17. Extension of road safety patrols at children's crossings



18. Special training courses for "learner" motor cyclists



19. Attachment of STOP lights and reflectors on the back of all trams



20. Dogs to be kept on leads in city and suburban streets



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● Here you see, from the garden, the wing for bachelor guests. The tall trees behind it — some are weeping willows like that in the foreground — shade the millstream. Beyond the tool house (left) is the old gate and bridge over the Merantaise River.

## "OUR FIRST REAL HOME"

By the DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

● With entertaining as her theme, the Duchess of Windsor continues her story of the Moulin de la Tuilerie, an old mill near Paris which she and the Duke remodelled. It is the first home they have ever owned.



● We remodelled the old stables to make the two small rooms you see above and below for bachelor guests. In the bedroom above, woven tapes form the bedcover and lend a color accent to an otherwise black-and-white setting. Below: This irregularly shaped room is hung with a series of pictures of the Coronation of King George IV, tying in with the Regency-flavored decor.



THE other day when I told the butler how many there would be for dinner he asked if he might know who the guests were to be. I said I didn't think that was necessary, but he explained that it would help him select the proper wines!

He probably knows better than I who among our friends are the real gourmets.

While I was amused by this at first, it came over me afterward that it is just this meticulous attention to detail that I have always felt makes a party perfect—certainly my own!

I enjoy my own parties, but that's usually because everything has been planned down to the nth decimal place. When this has been done and it's all going off just as it should I feel the same satisfaction an engineer must feel as he watches a machine running perfectly.

Although I can never be casual about entertaining—or about anything in the house, for that matter—when really terrible things happen I'm completely calm. The time the electricity failed just before twenty guests were coming to dinner I just lit all the candles.

But I am cursed—or blessed, I don't know which—with a photographic eye. I go into a room or a shop and I take in every detail, even without really trying, and can describe it all afterward. If this just happened in other people's houses or on shopping expeditions, it would be merely an interesting gift, but at home it is a torment to everybody, for I can't rest till what is helter-skelter is put right.

As I go around straightening bric-a-brac and putting little felt protectors under the flower vases my friends call me Harriet—from Harriet Craig in the play "Craig's Wife."

My aunt, when she sees me move a dish a couple of inches, sometimes asks, "Now you've fixed it, do you really think it looks any better?"

My husband, on the other hand, is very tolerant of all this fussbudgeting on my part. The Duke has a military fondness for things in their proper places himself and has some of the same eye for detail I have. But he is still astounded at the way I know where everything is, even what is on what shelf in what closet.

I don't rely on my memory, however, photographic as it is. I am a great believer in lists, in plans and schedules written down so all concerned know what is expected of them.

When we are having house guests I usually try to check the guest rooms myself to make sure all the little things are there—like pencils, pens, and stationery in the desk; some new books, cigarettes, matches, clock, and a vacuum flask by the bed; fresh soap to match the bathroom; cotton, tissues, aspirin, and such.

In the morning while I'm having breakfast I start my plans and paperwork for the day.

The chef sends in menus for me to check over; my secretary brings in the mail and I make lists, notes, and telephone calls. If I am planning a fairly large dinner I usually discuss the menu with the chef at least ten days ahead; for meals with only a few guests I try to plan with him five or six days ahead.

On ordinary days I simply indicate whether the Duke and I will be in or out and how many to expect for each meal. Of course, sometimes we ask friends on the spur of the moment—but I try to plan ahead as much as possible.

Our chef is a very famous one, you know—he was with the Duke when he was King and before that he was with the Aga Khan—and a real artist.

A French chef always does his own marketing, getting up early in the morning to go to the markets in Paris—he would never think of using





a piece of meat, fish, or even a head of lettuce that he had not selected himself. And naturally an important dinner involves much more of this careful selection.

When he sends the menus in to me they are usually for two or three days at a time—I either approve them as they are or I write suggestions for changes on the margin.

The Duke and I like very simple food for ourselves—and our diet is particularly simple since the Duke was threatened with an ulcer several years ago and had to have so many things purged. We are always on the lookout for new ways to serve purged vegetables.

The other day at a friend's house we had string beans with tiny slivers of lemon in them—something new and very delicious, we thought.

One of my favorite dishes is chicken pie and another favorite is a shad-roe soufflé with small pieces of bacon cut up in it.

All our kitchen equipment is French, with the exception of the refrigerators and the freezer. The range is a coal range, which all French chefs insist on, with a small gas unit to one side for quick operations.

I am fascinated by kitchen gadgets, but I never know when I buy one whether Chef will embrace it or quietly ignore it. So it was with fear and trembling that I brought back from New York an electric mixer with various attachments. But surprise! I don't know how it happened, but the chef was thrilled with it and uses it all the time.

After the menu has been settled for a small or large dinner, I plan the table setting. Here at the mill I use stainless steel with bamboo handles so there need be no worry about silver that has to be locked up. I have several sets of French and Italian pottery and odd groups of plates and bowls, all of which can be used together.

I like to vary the color combinations from course to course throughout the meal—sometimes dark colors, sometimes light.



• The little sitting-room (above) between the two guest rooms (left and below) is only about ten by twelve feet, but by using small-scale furniture and rubbing the boiserie with light color we gave it an air of space. You enter the sitting-room from the courtyard. The french doors open on the upper garden.

• Trellis bedroom (left) in our guest cottage — we call it this because of the motif in the wallpaper. The dresser and chairs are painted to pick up the pinky-mauves in the paper and the lacquer mirror-stand and Oriental dancing figurines by Tony Duquette give the room a Chinoiserie accent. And notice the wallpaper covered with butterflies in the bathroom — it's my favorite!

• I love the vibrant red wallpaper in the other guest room (below). It's cooled off just enough by the tracery of white, the white rug, and light blue curtains and bed cover. On the painted Venetian chest are two Laneville trompe l'oeil dishes — part of my collection of old faience.

I go over all this with the butler each day or jot down notes for him in the morning.

I love baskets of all kinds, especially as flower containers. And here at the mill they seem particularly right.

I have a set of cauliflower-shaped covered-soups that I fill with little nose-gays and some green glass goblets and wooden beakers that I use in the same way.

I also keep my eyes open as I shop for unusual old things not ordinarily used for flowers—like the small black-moor liqueur stand in the drawing-room with carnations in the little cordial glasses; or the old duck decoy in the bar hollowed out to hold small flowers.

**NEXT WEEK: The Duke's own room in the mill—his desk and his best-loved mementos.**





# ROUND THE WORLD ON WHEELS



THIS IS THE CAR in which five Australians, Mr. and Mrs. David McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wyndham, and Keith Regan, will set out this month to circle the world. Studying the map are (from left) Keith Regan, Arthur Wyndham, and David McKay.



THESE ARE THE FIVE who will drive the car through 51 countries. From left are the Wyndhams, Keith Regan, and the McKays. They expect the jaunt to cost £850 each.

## Five Australians all set for adventure

The whole thing began one wet and gloomy day last October.

DAVID, my husband, whose main hobby is driving racing cars, had for a long time treasured hopes of organising an Australian team to take part in motor-racing events in England and Europe this year.

After weeks of work the scheme fell through and David was as gloomy as the weather.

Then one particularly wet, dull morning he suddenly said at breakfast: "Let's go anyway. It's the chance of a lifetime. If we don't go next year we'll never go at all. I'll book our passages from Perth to Bombay today."

"From where to where?" I exclaimed, wondering whether I'd heard aright.

"Perth to Bombay, dear. We'll drive everywhere there isn't water. We'll see the lot that way — and much cheaper."

And that's how it began.

That day David mentioned his plans to a friend at the A.B.C., announcer Arthur Wyndham, who said he and his wife, Shirley, had planned a similar trip. Arthur and Shirley asked if we wanted any companions. So did Keith Regan, a committee member of the Australian Racing Drivers' Club and a keen motor-racing enthusiast with postwar European experience.

And so that day the P. and O. took five bookings from Perth to Bombay.

Life then became really hectic. With ten weeks to our departure for Perth there was plenty to do. Visas for outlandish places like Afghanistan and Persia, special passes for Soviet-controlled countries such as Yugoslavia and Austria, normal passports, special ones for Israel, vaccinations, wardrobes to plan, a house to let, a car to sell, a car to buy.

The twelve months' plan

● On February 6 five Australians, David and Betty McKay, Arthur and Shirley Wyndham, and Keith Regan, will set out from Sydney to drive right round the world. Here is the story of their preparations told by one of the party, BETTY MCKAY.

is to drive to Perth via Melbourne and Adelaide, ship to Bombay, drive north through Pakistan, detouring to Kashmir, then via the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, Greece, behind the Iron Curtain to Yugoslavia and Austria.

From there we'll go to England, where David is hoping for the use of a racing car during the Continental season, which lasts five months and will take us to Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany.

Next October we'll start what we call our "African Detour," motoring some 18,000 miles. We enter North Africa through Morocco and cross the Sahara to Nigeria, into French Equatorial Africa, the Belgian Congo, Northern Rhodesia, then north again into Tanganyika, Kenya, hurrying through the Mau Mau territory, Uganda, the Sudan, and up the Nile to Cairo.

Here we'll make a quick dash into Israel and then back to Spain, following the 8th Army's path along North Africa.

Back in England, we'll ship the car to Australia, to travel ourselves through the U.S.A., driving from the east to the west coast and catching a boat from San Francisco to Sydney.

I know it reads like a pipe dream or a nightmare, depending on one's character. However, we think we can make it for about £850 a head from Sydney to Sydney,

via the world (excluding the Communist world).

We may be very wrong, but if we listened to the sceptics we'd never leave Martin Place.

Shirley and I have had some fun planning our wardrobes, which must necessarily be the bare minimum in size and weight.

Separates could not be in fashion at a more appropriate time. Ours will be blouses and skirts of nylon and uncrushable cottons.

The golden rule for this type of travel seems to be—wash wherever the opportunity presents itself. The dust in many parts has decided us on strong, bright colors, so that we'll look as little travel-stained as possible. I'm a great believer in color for keeping up one's spirits.

We will wear socks and stout walking shoes, as the desert and rough countryside in many places—not forgetting the sand vipers of Afghanistan—make the more attractive sandals and low-cut shoes impracticable.

Unfortunately, slacks are out in the native countries and out-fung posts of the Empire, where it is essential that we conform to the customs of the people.

However, once we get to England, and especially the Continent, we hope to pick up something very attractive and rather fantastic in the slacks line, as we feel we'll have earned them by then.

The menfolk will probably blossom also, as they are eagerly looking forward to

meeting in person some of the gorgeous creatures they have seen in the Continental films.

Some mutual friends are arranging a party in Rome which will include Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren.

As we are carrying many letters of introduction, we'll have to smarten up at various intervals, and evening dress may get an occasional airing.

I am arming myself with a letter Sir Winston Churchill wrote to my husband at the end of the war. I hope this will prove a passport to meet the Grand Old Man.

We are looking forward to entering all the recipe competitions when we come back. We'll be sampling the fare of the country, which will be very far removed from the hotel menus of de-luxe travel.

We'll be doing our best with food we know little about and we'll have to trust to our pressure-cooker and primus to work most of the wonders for us. Just in case, we are taking liberal supplies, including cartons of canned foods.

Our food containers and utensils will all be plastic to save weight and breakage.

I expect colors will again come into their own here, because it's so much easier to know what a red or yellow jar contains than having to look inside half a dozen things for what you want.

Our first-aid box will be well stocked, though we hope not to have to use it. We shall, of course, have had all the necessary vaccinations before leaving.

David will act as nursemaid to the car, and his experiences in the 1953 and 1954 Redex Trials should help us.

In some places, particularly Persia, it will probably be necessary to mount a guard on the vehicle as we've heard that the car thieves in such places are in a class of their own.

However, we're confident a bearded Keith Regan, complete with bristling handlebar moustache, should prove a deterrent even to Ali Baba.



DAVID MCKAY checks the engine while Keith Regan looks on. David is an experienced racing and trials driver and will be in charge of all car maintenance during the trip.



BETTY MCKAY (left) and Shirley Wyndham demonstrate the inner flying-suits they will wear in cold climates. For hotter areas they are taking nylon and cotton separates.



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**Ingredients:** 1 tin Nestlé's "Ideal" Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ teaspoonful vanilla essence.

**Freeze:** Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. **Whip:** Whip until thick. **Freeze:** With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

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INDOOR BOWLS presented by Harbord Bowling Club absorb the interest of Judith, Phillip, Alison, and Mark. Club member Mr. Keith James and Percy Sara show them how to bowl.



## Sara Quads in Sydney..

### Memorial light at Harbord lit by Mrs. Sara

The Sara Quads, Bellingen's four-year-old wonders, who last week-end fulfilled their first public engagements in Sydney, were the centre of attraction wherever they went. At no time did they realise that they were the cause of the crowds or the excitement in the centres they visited.



THE Sara family came to Sydney at the invitation of the Harbord Chamber of Commerce so that Mrs. Betty Sara could officially switch on the Mothers' Memorial Light at the Harbord Baby Health Centre.

The Saras were officially welcomed to the Warringah Shire on Saturday morning at a reception given by the Warringah Shire Council in the Council Chambers at Brookvale.

The Quads, Judith, Mark, Alison, and Phillip, were oblivious to it all. They showed no concern over the numbers of strangers who surrounded them constantly, they took the civic receptions and speeches in their stride, and didn't seem to know what all the fuss was about.

Eight-year-old Geoffrey Sara now realises that his young brothers and sisters are celebrities, but seems bored by it all.

"All those people came out just to see a few quads," he remarked disgustedly, after a reception attended by 300 people at the Harbord Baby Health Centre. "I can't understand it."

The Quads and their brother, Geoffrey, were not present to see their mother switch on the light at seven o'clock on Saturday night. They had been taken home to "Nanna"—Mrs. Aubrey Sara, of Bondi—and put to bed after their first big day of official engagements.

Crowds of local residents



INSET, TOP: Mrs. Betty Sara switches on the Mothers' Memorial Light at the Harbord Baby Health Centre. ABOVE: Freshwater S.L.S.C. march past team watch while Mark handles the reel and Alison, Phillip, and Judith "man" the line.





**CIVIC RECEPTION** at Brookvale failed to awe the Sara Quads. From left to right, Judith, Mark, and Alison clap vigorously while Phillip reaches for another sandwich.

## in the rain

wearing raincoats and carrying umbrellas, stood in drizzling rain to see the Quads. Judith, Mark, Alison, and Phillip were given the places of honor at the civic reception — four big, leather-covered swivel chairs used for council meetings.

They sat quietly in the chairs for a few minutes, when Mark discovered that he was sitting in a miniature merry-go-round.

From that moment until the end of the reception the Quads had a wonderful time. They swivelled around in the chairs continuously, clapped wildly after the official speeches of welcome made by deputy Shire President, Councillor Len McKay, the member for Manly, Douglas Darby, M.L.A., and Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, and giggled delightedly when their parents spoke.

They clapped particularly hard then, and Alison, the tomboy of the four, sprawled out comfortably in her chair, putting her feet up and displaying her lacy panties to the crowd.

The first familiar face they saw was that of staff photographer Ron Berg, who has been photographing them ever since they were born.

When Ron stepped forward to take their picture, the four Quads bounced up and down in their chairs with excitement, and Mark shouted, "Ron Berg! Ron Berg! Ron Berg!"

The Quads found time to eat a large morning tea, and then the whole family left for Harbord Baby Health Centre for another welcoming ceremony.

Later, Alison, Mark, Judith and Phillip inspected a guard of honor of Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, young members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the Manly Air League.

At lunch, given at a Mona Vale restaurant by the Harbord Chamber of Commerce, the Quads surprised everyone by eating a large meal of chicken, followed by ice-cream. Mark doubled up for a second helping of ice-cream.

The Quads were being packed into the car after lunch when Mark, who seems to have a mechanical flair, slipped off the handbrake, and the Quads and Geoffrey went for a short, impromptu ride down Mona Vale's main street. The car's volunteer driver, Harbord newsagent Mr. Bill Harder, quickly put the brake on, much to Mark's disappointment.

On Sunday the family visited the Harbord Bowling Club, and the club president, Mr. Joe Binstead, presented the Quads with a set of indoor bowls. The Quads again clapped enthusiastically but Geoffrey didn't show much interest until after lunch, when the Saras drove down to Freshwater Surf Club.

The children watched from the balcony of the surf club while the Freshwater lifeguards gave a display of rescue and resuscitation drill.

When the beltman carried the apparently "lifeless" patient out of the surf the four Quads yelled with fright: "He's dead!"—and wouldn't be reassured until the "patient" got to his feet.

The Freshwater boat crew took their surf boat out, and as a large wave loomed up in front of it the Quads all shouted, "Look out! It's going to go UNDER!" The next moment the boat was overturned and Mark yelled, "Do it again!"

President of the Freshwater S.L.S.C., Mr. Lionel McDonald, presented Geoffrey and the Quads with Freshwater pennants and lapel badges.

Phillip, the quietest Quad, suffered the only disappointment of the day when his mother told him he couldn't keep my red umbrella.

He had taken a fancy to the umbrella early in the day and was almost in tears when Betty Sara packed him into the car, minus umbrella, to take him back to Bondi.

**QUADS IN THE RAIN.** From left to right: Phillip, Alison, Judith, and Mark shelter under a borrowed umbrella at the Warringah Shire Council Chambers.





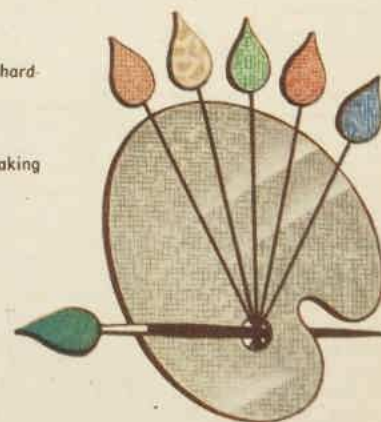
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GOLF CLINIC was a feature of young golfers' field day. Ex-international Mrs. B. Gowing (right) helps Coral Abbott, Beverley Rhenben, and Susan Burnett with correct grip.

## GOLF FOR NOVICES

● Once a year the Ladies' Golf Union sponsors a field day for novices. These pictures were taken at this year's field day held recently at Palm Beach, Sydney.



NINE-YEAR-OLDS Jill Higinbotham (about to putt) and Marilyn Lewis (holding flag) play the game strictly according to Ladies' Golf Union rules and the etiquette of golf.



BEGINNER Helen Pettersen hits off from tee. Days such as this help youngsters overcome nerves, as well as accustoming them to competitions. Mothers watched them play.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1955

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MARIE LOU WOLFENSBERGER tries a shot out of sand. Marie Lou has been playing for only eight months, and shapes well. L.G.U. officials watched and advised the novices.



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# Johnson's Jolly Baby Quest\*

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**FULL PROCEEDS TO  
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Here's a competition that may win a worthwhile nest egg for your baby, and at the same time help you to help Legacy. With every entry you are asked to enclose 2/- in postal notes or stamps. Every penny received goes to Legacy to help the children of deceased ex-servicemen.



## \* SEND IN THE HAPPIEST, JOLLIEST SNAPSHOT OF YOUR BABY!

We want to find Australia's Jolliest Babies... the happiest, most cheerful babies in the land! So look out the brightest snapshots you have — snapshots only are required — or plan to take some extra snaps of baby over this next weekend. Remember the judges will be concerned only with the happy expression in the photos — no other factors count. All you do is ask for an entry form, wherever you usually buy your Johnson's Baby Powder. Follow the simple conditions, and send to Johnson's Baby Quest, Sydney, enclosing entry fee. That's all there is to do! You can enter in two separate sections: babies up to 2 years at the 31st March, 1955, and toddlers between 2 and 5 at 31st March, 1955. A grand prize of £100 each to the winning entry in each section, plus cash awards to the best entries from each state, and in addition a special weekly prize of Johnson's Baby products as announced in the "Quiz Kids" programme. Look through the family album now — send the snapshot you like the best complete with entry form, but don't forget to listen to the "Quiz Kids" every week for full details and weekly prize awards.



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Kay Melaun says...

## Here's your answer

"Disillusioned Pom," who wrote to this page some weeks back, has provoked some waspish replies to his criticism of Australian girls for being "bigoted, insular, selfish, and entirely lacking in personality."

AMONG these replies was one from "Aussie Girl," Tasmania. She suggested he "ought to go back home where he so obviously belongs."

Another from "Robin," Lane Cove, N.S.W., remarked on his failure to return to England "where the women are more perfect."

Robin added: "I trust that he and his wife will rear a family of fine healthy Australians who do not lack personality, etc."

These are the more usual replies to such a criticism of Australians.

Unusual ones, however, arrived from two other "foreigners." One who signed himself "A Dutchman" rebuked Pom:

"It shows a lack of knowledge to judge a population or the gentle sex of this population by a few persons you have met, Mr. Pom. When you travel round you'll find that there are good and bad persons in every country."

"We could not think much of the British people if we should judge the whole population of England by the narrow-minded ideas of you, Mr. Pom."

Another young migrant — a Pole, to judge by his name — wrote expressing approval of Pom's remarks.

"I CONSIDER that racial and national prejudice is one of the most common characteristics of Australian girls," he said.

"It takes some time to realise this, as in most cases it is hidden under the veil of hypocrisy. We see them charmingly smiling at business and pleasantly chatting in casual conversation, but going any further!

"How fortunate is Disillusioned Pom to have his old country to bring his girl from. Where will the thou-

sands of migrants bring their girls from—the migrants who have lost contact with their countries of origin because of political circumstances?

"Generally a migrant coming to Australia brings with him plenty of enthusiasm and bright plans. The latter, as far as they concern material means and professional status, we fulfil sooner or later."

"What awaits us in the future with all the money we earn? The life and death of hermits."

"Should we leave Australia? This would be a very grave step, as we like this country and would rather stay if we only could solve this single problem."

In my opinion Australian girls have been put off migrants by the behaviour of the loud few. Because of these few the many suffer.

Generally, the attitude is that foreign boys are undesirable until they prove themselves desirable. This is a wretched outlook for the overwhelming number of migrants who are attractive, decent, hard-working, and intelligent, and spell "good husband" in any language.

So much for the migrants' fault.

The girls' fault is their own narrow-minded insular outlook. Many of them won't give a foreign boy a chance to prove that he's just as nice as any local variety.

Many others who meet an attractive migrant run up against their friends' prejudice. They drop him because they feel they always have to apologise for him.

This is weak-minded of them and their own loss.

Add to this the fact that migrants usually have more formal manners (I mean the majority of decent ones) than Australian men. This makes many a girl suspicious. Used to the casual treatment, she suspects that the foreigner's ways are "too fancy altogether—too sweet to be wholesome."

I think, too, that Australians are so impatient of a foreign language that even an accent in English gives them a headache.

This is only my opinion, by the way; I don't pretend to know the whole set-up.

"I AM writing to see if you would be able to get me a pen-friend about my own age, 17. I would like to correspond with a girl if possible. My hobbies are tennis, swimming, and dancing, and I live on my father's wheat farm."

James Mosetter, "Double Eight," Jondaryan, Q.



"You look much better now. I didn't care much for you as a bachelor."

"The majority of men migrants I know were not able to secure a friendship with a local girl even for a brief time."

"There has to be some reason for it. I know it is dangerous to generalise such problems, but if not all girls in this country are prejudiced, where are those decent and honest ones who judge fellow humans by their personal values and not by where they were born?"

"I would be very obliged to hear your opinion about why Australian women think along such standardised pattern in this concern."

BILLIE HOLIDAY could be called "the connoisseur's jazz singer" because her style is so original, her inflections and phrasing so entirely her own. Her discs were never available in quantity in Australia, but then came those tragic years when the brilliant "Lady Day" went into a narcotic eclipse. Her recovery was the talk of the show business world, and now we have her first LP on MGC-118.

WHAT an artist she is! Her strange blend of naive and sophistication is fascinating, and she is backed with a talent-packed, six-piece group, outstanding in which is Oscar Peterson, who is considered by many to be the No. 1

## DISC DIGEST

jazz pianist of the day. Music is on the "cool" side, but not freakish. Billie's tunes are more or less what I would have asked for were she singing for me alone — "These Foolish Things," "East Of The Sun," "You Turned The Tables On Me," "Easy To Love," "You Go To My Head," "I Only Have Eyes For You," "Blue Moon," and "Solitude." Despite the fact that the disc is roughly pressed and with patchy surface, it is one of the most interesting jazz platters in recent months.

IF you're inclined to yawn when Dvorak's "New World" Symphony is men-

tioned, you can cure your surfeit of this Czech composer by listening to his Concerto For Cello and Orchestra on WL5225. Apart from being strong, vibrant music, rich in melodies, it is also a show-piece for the cello, an instrument we hear all too infrequently. It is interesting to learn that this masterwork was not composed in Europe, as one might imagine, but during Dvorak's American visit in the mid-90's. Cellist is Italian-born Antonio Janigro; conductor is the American Dean Dixon, and the orchestra is that of the Vienna State Opera. All combine to make this a genuinely international recording to top quality.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



# This is my story. *by Marilyn Monroe*

● In the moving story of MARILYN MONROE (born NORMA JEAN MORTENSON) this concluding episode is the most poignant. Soon after it was written her marriage, about which she writes so candidly and so tenderly here, crashed. The lonely orphan was once more alone.

**S**UCCESS came to me in a rush. It surprised my employers much more than it did me. Even when I had played only bit parts in a few films, all the movie magazines and newspapers started printing my picture and giving me write-ups.

JUST as I was beginning to go over with the public in a big way I got word that my "nude calendar" was going to be put on the market as a Marilyn Monroe novelty. I thought this would push me into the cold again. A writer I met laughed at my fears.

"The nude calendar is going to put you over with the biggest bang the town has heard in years," he said.

It turned out very much like that, too. Everybody in the studio wanted me as a star in his movie. I finally went into "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and after that "How To Marry a Millionaire."

I liked doing these pictures. I liked the fact that I was important in making them a great financial success, and that my studio cleaned up a fortune, despite that its chief had considered me unphotogenic. I liked the fact that the movie salesmen who came to Hollywood for a big studio sales rally whistled loudest and longest when I entered their midst.

I liked the raise I finally received to twelve hundred a week. Even after all the deductions were taken from my salary it remained more money a week than I had once been able to make in six months.

I had clothes, fame, money, a future, all the publicity I could dream of. I even had a few friends. And there was always a romance in the air. But instead of being happy over all these fairytale things that had happened to me I grew depressed and finally desperate. My life suddenly seemed as wrong and unbearable to me as it had in the days of my early despairs.

**I** HAVE many bad social habits. People are always lecturing me about them. I am invariably late for appointments—sometimes as much as two hours. I've tried to change my ways, but the things that make me late are too strong—and too pleasing.

When I have to be somewhere for dinner at eight o'clock I will lie in the bathtub for an hour or longer. Eight o'clock will come and go and I still remain in the tub. I keep pouring perfumes into the water and letting the water run out and refilling the tub with fresh water. I forget about eight o'clock and my dinner date. I keep thinking and feeling far away.

Sometimes I know the truth of what I'm doing. It isn't Marilyn Monroe in the tub but Norma Jean.

I'm giving Norma Jean a treat. She used to have to bathe in water used by six or eight other people. Now she can bathe in water as clean and transparent as a pane of glass. And it seems that Norma can't get enough of fresh bath water that smells of real perfume.

There's another thing that helps to make me "late." After I get out of the tub I spend a long time rubbing cream into my skin.

When I finally start putting my clothes on I move as slowly as I can. I begin to feel a little guilty because there seems to be an impulse in me to be as late as possible for my dinner date. It makes something in me happy—to be late.

People are waiting for me. People are eager to see me. I'm wanted. And I remember the years I was unwanted. All the hundreds of times nobody wanted to see the little servant girl, Norma Jean—not even her mother.

People dislike me for such tardiness. They scold me and explain to me it's because I want to seem important and make a spectacular entrance. That's partly true, except it's Norma that longs for importance—and not me.

My social faults such as this one, and also not being able to laugh all the time at parties as if I were swooning with joy, or not being able to keep chattering like a parrot to other parrots—seem less important to me than some social faults I notice in others.

The worst thing that happens to people when they dress up and go to a party is that they leave their real selves at home. They're like people on a stage.

But worse than that is the fact that when people are being "social" they don't dare to be human or intelligent. They don't dare to think anything different from the other people at the party. The men and women are not only dressed alike, but their minds become all alike.

I freeze up when I see people making important faces at me, or when I notice them strutting among the lesser party-lights. I like important people, but I like them when they're doing important things—not just collecting a few bows from lesser guests.

In party-society there are also people who are unable to feel important—even if it's an important party and their names are going to be in the movie columns the next morning in "among those present."

These people usually just mill around like extras on a movie set. They don't seem to have any lines or any "business" except to be ornamental space fillers.



**HONEYMOON IN TOKIO.** Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio . . . "a man whose looks and character I love with all my heart."

But I can't feel sorry for them, because the minute I join one of these extra-groups they all start chattering like mad and laughing and saying things that nobody can understand. I feel that having found someone more ill at ease than themselves—me—they're out to impress me what a gay and intimate time they're having.

Hollywood parties not only confuse me, but they often disillusion me. The disillusion comes when I meet a movie star I've been admiring since childhood.

I always thought that movie stars were exciting and talented people full of special personality. Meeting one of them at a party I discover usually that he (or she) is colorless and even frightened. I've often stood silent at a party for hours listening to my movie idols turn into dull and little people.

There are three different ways of becoming famous in the movies. The first way more often happens to men than to women. It happens suddenly as the result of a single performance in a movie.

An actor will go along getting jobs and doing good work and getting nowhere.

Then all of a sudden—like John Garfield long ago, or Kirk Douglas, Marlon Brando, Jose Ferrer, more recently—he will appear as a lead in a picture and wake up after the reviews as a star for the rest of his life.

Occasionally, this also happens to

an actress, but the occasions haven't been recent. The actress usually becomes a star in two other ways.

The first way is the Studio Build-up. When the Front Office is convinced that one of its contract players has star possibilities a big campaign is started.

**T**HE Star Possibility is surrounded by various teachers and coaches. Word is sent out to all the producers in the studio that the Possibility is the biggest coming box-office attraction in the industry.

And all the producers in the studio start fighting to get her as the lead for one of their pictures.

In the meantime, the publicity department goes to work on the Star Possibility and floods the Press, the wire services, and the magazines with stories about her wonderful character and fascinating oddities, and thousands of photographs.

The columnists are bombarded with announcements of every sort about the Possibility, from half a dozen impending marriages to an equal number of starring vehicles.

Pretty soon the whole country gets the impression that nearly all the eligible romantic males of the land are trying to marry the Possibility and that she is going to appear in

half the important movies produced in Hollywood.

All this takes a great deal of money and powerful efforts on everybody's part except the young actress on whose brow the studio has decided to weld a silver star.

The other way to fame open to the actress is the way of scandal. Have romance with half a dozen famous Don Juans, divorce a few husbands, get named in police raids, cafe brawls, or other wives' divorce suits, and you can wind up in high demand by movie producers.

The only trouble with becoming famous as a result of half a dozen scandalous happenings is that the scandal-made star can't just rest on her old scandals.

If she wants to keep her high place in the public eye and on the Hollywood producers' casting list she has to keep getting into more and more hot water.

After you're thirty-five, getting into romantic hot water is a little difficult, and getting yourself publicised in love triangles and cafe duels over your favors needs not only smart Press agents but also a little miracle to help out.

I became famous in the movies in none of these accepted ways.

There was no studio campaign or

*Continued on page 40*



# Mrs. X

lives here



This is a house run by an efficient woman. She's a woman of whom her neighbours say: "She seems to have loads of spare time. She whips through her work in half the time... yet she's a marvellous housekeeper. How on earth does she do it?"

Well, the secret of good housekeeping, Mrs. X would tell you, is to "eliminate the negative." In other words, eliminate the unnecessary jobs. The first chore to be "axed," says Mrs. X, is DRYING-UP. She estimates that this can save at least an hour of work a day (and what boring work) ... or OVER 15 DAYS A YEAR, WORKING A SOLID 24 HOURS A DAY! Yes ... it's true.

At first, when Mrs. X told her friends that she'd stopped drying-up, they exclaimed, "But if I don't wipe-up, the dishes dry streaky... they just wouldn't be properly clean!" Then Mrs. X would say, "Ah, that's because you use soap or soap powder. Why don't you switch to Trix detergent?"

"But what difference would that make?" would be the next question.

So Mrs. X would go on to tell them that it's soap-suds that cause streaking. Moreover, soap-suds can actually hinder proper cleaning—for every bubble that clings to a dish leaves a sneaky circle beneath it. When washed in soapy water, every cup and dish carries a greasy film from the sink. Much of this is wiped off onto the drying-up

towel, which, in its turn, becomes a germ carrier (a danger against which health authorities are continually warning).

But look at the difference when you use Trix for your washing-up.

With Trix there are no gluey soap-suds to hinder cleaning and cause streaking.

Trix is a "miracle" detergent with an uncanny way of "swallowing" grease and particles of waste... they are absorbed right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes.

Stack the Trix-washed dishes in the rack and let them drain. Every plate, every cup and glass, every piece of silver and cutlery will dry sparkling clean... really clean... and, of course, free of germs.

"It's not only for washing-up," Mrs. X would continue, "that I use Trix. I use it for washing clothes—it's particularly good for woollens. I use it for cleaning windows, carpets, floors, walls, even the car—Trix is perfect for them all. Honestly, it's the most versatile and efficient product

I've ever come across."

Then Mrs. X would conclude by telling of the economy of using Trix. Because it's a thick, highly concentrated detergent, a little Trix does a lot of work. For instance, it takes only a teaspoonful for a big family wash-up.

## Who is Mrs. X?

Well... if you use Trix, she might be you—or any one of the hundreds of thousands of women who have "discovered" Trix over the past couple of years. There's no doubt that the

rapidly increasing use of Trix is almost entirely due to the way in which it is recommended by one woman to another. And, after all, what could be a better advertisement for any product than that?

TRIX IS MADE BY SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD.  
MAKERS OF FAMOUS MORTEIN.

## FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Remember, folks, if you ever come to town, our home is your home."

## MOTHER



"How many children round the place? Do you mean now, or when there's work to be done?"

# It seems to me

BY now, having made a few long-distance air flights, I'm moderately accustomed to the things that airline companies kindly provide to keep your mind off the fact that you're a long, long way above the ground.

However, taking off from Nandi airport recently, on the way back from a trip to Fiji, I was mildly surprised to be handed an iced towel.

This, I learn, is a regular issue now on Qantas routes after take-off from tropical airports, enabling the passengers to wipe their fevered brows.

It also provides women passengers with an excuse for re-doing their faces, one of the little things that help pass the time in the air.

The main device for time-passing is, of course, food. On all the first-class overseas aircraft it arrives in a quantity, variety, and frequency that must ruin innumerable figures.

On Pan-American trans-Atlantic planes some years ago they tried movies. This was fine for the people who liked movies, but annoyed the others, so the entertainment ceased.

Nowadays the same company uses tape-recorded music, specially chosen, so I'm told, for its non-irritant qualities.

But whatever they may think up in the way of soothing devices, every now and then I glance out the window at the fluffy white clouds below and reflect that it is a very remarkable thing to be batting along so far up in the sky.

This is because I can remember when air travel was for the adventurous, so I can never become completely blasé about it.

FROM time to time I've mentioned various refinements in the barbecue field, and the latest to take my fancy is smokeless charcoal.

Fire without smoke is obviously a SENSIBLE sort of thing, but it sure will take the fun out of fire-making.

Removing the smoke removes the consequent wrangling among the onlookers ("Could have done it a ton better myself") and therefore robs the job of spice.

It also removes the excuse for putting a green twig over the billy (a device, by the way, that I always fear is mere superstition. Anyhow, I like smoky tea).

Meanwhile, I have an absolutely smash-hit suggestion which is going to wreck the barbecue accessory field. It is built into the house and should be no trouble to a resourceful architect.

You press a button, and walls, roof, and floor of the kitchen all slide away, leaving the electric stove exposed to the summer sun and the gaze of the neighbors.

To cash in, I intend to sell bottled ants which can be released ("simply unscrew top of jar") to accent the outdoorsy atmosphere.

By



Dorothy Drann

ABOUT the cricket. An Englishman has just rung me in a fine fury, saying that if I want to put this column to good use, why don't I say something kind about the Australian team selected for the Test?

Since it would be idle for me to assume the mantle of a cricket authority, I'll quote him:

"What's the matter with Australians?" he asked. "Do they want their team to win or don't they?"

"All that the commentators and the public do is complain, criticise, and condemn. Surely

they can leave something to the selectors! Bradman, after all, knows a bit about cricket.

"What sort of morale can anyone expect the Australians to have? How do you think anyone can be expected to put up a fight when everyone else says the battle's lost?"

He paused then to draw breath, and I assured him I agreed with every word he had said so far.

On his second instalment, I'm not so sure. He went on to say that, as an Englishman, he always bet on his home team. He did this even when he didn't think they had a dog's chance. He had, however, been shocked to hear of Australians betting on the English team, and vice versa.

This, he said, was not sporting. He could be right, but unfortunately I share the common, if debased, notion on betting. That is, one bets to win.

\* \* \*

Once there was a clothes moth, melancholy chappie,

And all the summer through he used to brood,

And when the other clothes moths said, "Why not live? Be happy!"

He dropped a tear on woollens as he chewed.

He was always quoting horrors on the latest pest destroyers,

And he said, "The autumn's coming, so is doom."

"In olden days our fathers had a diet that was joyous,

"But us! We're eating dusters, with the broom."

A pessimistic clothes moth, of the future he was fearful—

One day a housewife squashed him, unaware.

He might as well, when living, have been a little cheerful,

And therein lies a moral, if you care.

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



# Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun: the miracle of a turing, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tammite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Bagie tonight! Most chemists sell Tammite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Teething trouble

During the difficult teething period Steedman's Powders are just the thing for baby's good health. Steedman's aid regular habits and cool the bloodstream. Used by mothers for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 17572, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

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Since girlhood grandma has always insisted on genuine

# PHILIPS



lamps

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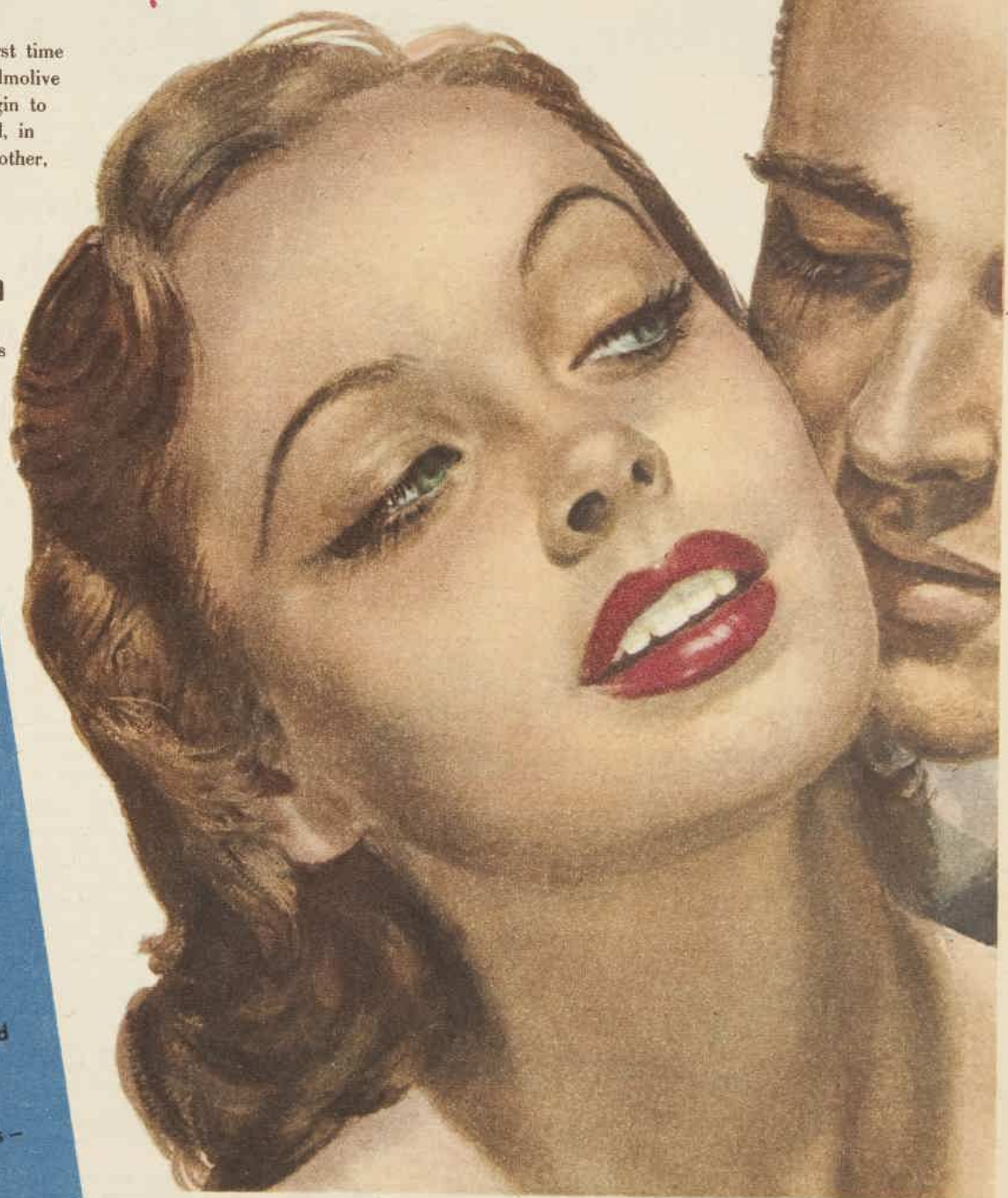
# *a lovelier complexion* IN 14 DAYS!

It's hard to believe—but true . . . the very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to *bring out beauty while it cleans your skin*. And, in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger-looking.

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Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

REGULAR BATH SIZE SUPERBATH



**YOU, TOO,** can look  
for these complexion improve-  
ments in 14 days



Fresher, brighter com-  
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Less oiliness!



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MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN USE PALMOLIVE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE BIGGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA — THE WORLD!



## Table linen picks up dirty marks and stains



GET ALL YOUR LINEN REALLY CLEAN

# Sunlight Clean

To get everything in your wash clean right through, you must have Sunlight's extra washing power—particularly on extra dirty spots. Just a touch of faster-lathering Sunlight loosens every speck of dirt . . . gets all your wash gloriously clean.

Send your "Sunlight Clean Story" to Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney —if it's published you will receive a pair of bath towels.

**FREE BATH TOWELS for "Clean Stories"**

**RAISING CAIN**

MY MENFOLK ARE CANE CUTTERS. THEIR WORK CLOTHES GET VERY DIRTY WORKING IN BURNING SUGAR CANE. ONLY A GOOD LATHER AND BOIL WITH SUNLIGHT CAN GET THEM FRESH AND CLEAN AGAIN.

Mrs. C. Burdon, Pindi Pindi, Q'land.

**DRIVER UNDER INSTRUCTION**

RECENTLY I SUGGESTED TO MY HUSBAND THAT HE USE SUNLIGHT TO CLEAN OUR CAR. HE WAS AMAZED HOW QUICKLY SUNLIGHT LATHER GETS DUG, WINDOWS AND CHROME SHINING BRIGHT.

Mrs. T. Dieckman, Forbes, N.S.W.

**SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE—**  
**YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO**

Su. 190. WW 143g

## GREY HEADS . . . .

**MORNING QUEUE** of callers seeking work awaits interview at the Over Fifties Association in Market Street, Melbourne. Mrs. Charles Coleman, who arranges employment, is talking to Mr. W. J. Adamson. Standing is another interviewer, Mr. John Egan, and sitting (from left) are Mr. Joe Anderson, Mr. A. Thomson, Mr. A. Perry.

## New association brings hope to elderly people

By  
**SHEILA McFARLANE,**  
staff reporter

Life is beginning again at fifty for a contingent of diehards in Victoria, who have formed the Over Fifties Association.

**T**HEIR aim is to prove they are still capable of leading useful lives, although society has called on them to retire.

The association was formed to help to overcome the labor shortage in business, industry, and domestic work, as well as to relieve real economic hardships among elderly people, and solve the problem of how to fill their advancing years with interest.

One of the youngest members is 58-year-old Mr. Keith Maynard, who says he wants to keep physically and mentally alert for another 45 years, because he is determined to see in the year 2000.

"I have an idea that's going to be a year worth seeing," said Mr. Maynard, who is a veteran of both world wars and experienced in clerical and light engineering work.

Within half an hour of asking for work, the association found him a job as a typist with a city duplicating firm.

"Lucky I could type," he said.

"Before I applied to the Over Fifties I was realising it was time to start putting my age back a bit.

"Lots of employers look very doubtful when you mention 50.

"And when you are in a job, I think some of them watch the grey hairs for the first sign of age.

"You know, elderly people have been through the mill a bit and know how to stick to their work.

"Young people sit around so much these days, chasing the big money—they're really not such a good bargain for employers.

"Another thing we elderly can teach the very confident young of today is that

employers are friends, not enemies.

"If we would like something—a little time off or some other favor—we ask if we may. We don't just take it and excuse ourselves later."

The association was formed after the secretary of the Victorian Employers' Federation, Mr. S. M. Gilmour, last November had drawn the attention of the public to the heartbreak of enforced retirement that faces so many men and women.

Within a month the association's membership was more than 300.

Members estimate that 200,000 people over the age of 50 are seeking work in Victoria alone. This total is increasing with the steady rise in the average age of the population.

"The hardship and struggling this position creates

among thousands of highly qualified, able-bodied citizens is tragically widespread," said Mr. Gilmour, who is acting honorary secretary of the association.

Here are typical cases on the association's files:

● A Navy employee doing clerical work wrote: "I'm 64 and waiting for the axe to fall on the day I turn 65, and I'll be out of a job. How can the community say, 'You're incapable of doing the job you've been doing for 40 years, as soon as you turn 65?'"

● Another man said he was a retired engineer-draftsman with 34 years' service. "I am still active in mind and body," he wrote, "and although on superannuation, I cannot live as easily in retirement as I thought I would be able to. I do not seek an equivalent status to my former position, but something in which my training in figure accuracy and capacity to hold responsibility will be of value."

● An elderly man wants the association to get him a job so he can have a little peace and quiet each day away from home, "and a 92-year-old mother-in-law who still gives him the rounds of the kitchen," Mr. Gilmour said.

Many people who do not want employment are joining the association just to add to its strength.

The Over Fifties Association's executive committee has plans for an interesting social programme for members.

This committee includes an energetic little Scotswoman, Mrs. Charles Coleman. A retired chartered accountant, she spends nearly all her time now coping with the employment section.

"It's lucky my husband doesn't mind grills for dinner every night, because that's what he's been getting since this began," she said.

**HAPPY** and independent in his new job as a cleaner is Mr. George Ayres, retired transport driver, aged 67.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1955

Page 28

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## Back at work



**QUIETLY EFFICIENT.** Mrs. May Tanner, former shop assistant and now housekeeper, discusses menus with her employer, Sister May White (left), matron of the Old Colonists' Homes for Pensioners in Fitzroy, Melbourne.

"Distressingly typical of youth's attitude to elderly people is the phone call we had from a 20-year-old boy. 'He wanted a housekeeper, one who would look after party arrangements for him, and clear up afterwards.'"

"When the salary question came up, he said, 'Oh, give me a pensioner. They don't get much, so they won't expect much.'"

Mr. Henry Collins, of Abbotsford, Victoria, who had 40 years' experience in a weaving factory, summed up his position merely by telling Mrs. Coleman, "I'm 60, and that's done it."

### A new job

MRS. COLEMAN soon found him a job oiling machines, which suited him well, because he had recently hurt his back and could not do strenuous work.

Mr. John Egan, a retired real-estate businessman, gives almost all his time to the planning work of the association.

Both Mrs. Coleman and he can be found every morning in the small office space in Melbourne lent to the association by the Employers' Federation. They are kept busy interviewing a long queue of people who have been forced out of work by age.

The association keeps in touch with employers and knows who will be interested in engaging "over 50" man or woman power.

"It is so gratifying when both the man and the suitable job knock at the door on the same day, as does frequently happen," Mr. Egan said.

"I'll always apply to the Over Fifties Association in future when I want help," said Sister May White, matron of the Old Colonists' Homes for Pensioners in Fitzroy, Melbourne.

She is delighted with the part-time housekeeper she found through the association within a few hours of contacting it.

Her "treasure" is Mrs. May Tanner, who lives within walking distance of the homes. She looks after the matron's quarters during week-ends.

Mrs. Tanner, too, is delighted with the arrangement. Because of family ties she could not take another full-time position, yet needed some work. She had been a shop assistant for many years.

"I found there's no hope of keeping lively if you sit at home doing nothing," said 67-year-old George Ayres, who is happily settled in a congenial job as a cleaner at a city wholesale firm.

He and an older friend, Mr. Abe Isworth, joined the Over Fifties Association after hearing it advertised over the air.

"We found that once you show grey hairs you're gone," Mr. Ayres said.

Before retirement, Mr. Ayres was a hardy transport driver, whose job involved much manual work in all weathers. That training stands him in good stead in the cleaner's job he has now.

"We are very happy to have George and his contemporaries for these jobs," Mr. Maurice Lockwood, an executive of the firm, said. "Older people are so much more reliable than young ones today."

### Seek funds

SIXTY - SEVEN - YEAR-OLD Hugh Steyne, formerly a renowned comedian, attended one of the first meetings of the association, became interested in its work and offered to organise a campaign to raise at least £10,000 by next June.

The money will be used to pay a deposit on a centre for the members. The executive committee hopes to find a building for offices and club-rooms in St. Kilda Road, Melbourne.

"We feel such a unique organisation as this deserves a good place to live in," Mr. Steyne said.

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**2** Storage space should be easily accessible and near the point of greatest use. Saves time, energy.

**3** Make your plan as simple as possible. Bits and pieces sticking out at odd angles are ugly and cost you unnecessary money.

**4** Every room should have an outside window for light, air.

**5** Avoid long, narrow halls, but when cutting down hall space make sure guests don't have to go through kitchen, bathroom or bedrooms to the living room.

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**FAREWELL.** Rear-Admiral R. R. Dowling and Mrs. Dowling at a party they gave in H.M.A.S. Sydney to farewell officers of the Fleet and their wives. Admiral Dowling will be First Naval Member, succeeding Sir John Collins.



**ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.** Sue Dowling, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. R. Dowling, with Lieut.-Commander David Homer (left) and Commander William Graham. Sue wore floral organza.



**HOST AND HOSTESS.** Captain F. N. Cook (left) and Mrs. Cook (right) with guests-of-honor, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. A. Showers, at a farewell cocktail party at their roof-garden flat in Macleay Street. Admiral Showers is retiring.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**BRIDE AND GROOM.** Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cockburn after their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. The bride was formerly Beverley Phillips, only daughter of Commander and Mrs. R. A. Phillips, of Vaucluse.

**VISITORS** from the United States Mr. and Mrs. William Lucey are planning a trip to Melbourne early in February to see Mrs. Lucey's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rouse.

Mrs. Lucey travelled from America by ship with the Rouses last November and stayed with her other sister, Mrs. Frank Crane, of Darling Point, until her American husband flew out to join her.

After their Melbourne visit, the Luceys plan to drive up to Oakland, New South Wales, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Simpson at their property "Nowrani." Mrs. Simpson was formerly Julia Mary Rouse. The Luceys will visit Canberra for a few days before they drive back to Sydney.

**A VISITOR** from America is Mrs. Billy Soshee, who, with her children Sharon and Kerry, is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alan Thurbon, of Herne Bay.

**DOUBLE** christening at St. Mark's, Darling Point, is planned by sisters Mrs. Robert Minter and Mrs. Jock Simpson when the Simpsons come back from a holiday at Jervis Bay. The sisters had babies within 11 days of each other, Mrs. Simpson, a son, and Mrs. Minter, a daughter. Godparents to Mark Simpson will be Dr. Peter Carter and Jill Campbell, Cecilia Minter's godparents will be Mrs. Elston Wall, Mrs. Marinus Okkerse, and Dr. John Swain.

**CRUISE** to Suva and Noumea for Dr. and Mrs. V. M. Coppleson, of Point Piper, who leave this week in the *Orcades*. While they are in Noumea they will visit friends there—the British Consul, Mr. William Johnston, and his wife. A family party sailing on the same trip are the P. S. Willsallens, who are travelling with Mrs. Willsallen's sister, Mrs. K. B. Pavitt, of Moss Vale, and Mr. Willsallen's brother, Mr. T. L. Willsallen.



**MARRIED.** Mr. and Mrs. Graeme McDougall pictured after their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. The bride was Betty MacGee, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. MacGee, of Dover Heights.

**HONEYMOON** at Hayman Island for the Peter Webb-Wilsons, who married at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was formerly Sylvia Potts, daughter of Mr. H. O. Potts, of Wellington, New South Wales. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wilson, of Cheshire, England.

**ON** a holiday visit from Natal, South Africa, is Mrs. M. Henderson Smart, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Young, of "Frammar," Cheltenham. Mrs. Smart, whose home is in Unkomaas, has also visited friends in New Zealand and will return to South Africa next month.

**A MOTOR** tour of the south coast for Flight-Lieut. Robert Egerton and his bride, the former Helen Blair, of Temora. Helen is the second daughter of Mrs. Mary Blair and the late Mr. Blair. Robert is the only son of Mrs. Elsie Egerton, of Perth, and the late Mr. Geoffrey Egerton. The couple will live at Richmond Air Station, where they were married in the R.A.A.F. chapel.

**ON** the high seas are Mr. and Mrs. Alec Gray, of Eastwood, formerly of Cudal, who sailed in *Neptunia* for a holiday tour of the Continent and the United Kingdom. They plan to be home for Christmas and hope to spend it with their three daughters, Mrs. Marcus Ross, of Cairns, Mrs. Leo Whitticker, of Gundagai, and Mrs. Peter Jensen, of Pymble.

**SETTLING** into a new home at Bourke are newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. George Webeck, who spent a honeymoon at Bundanoon. Mrs. Webeck was formerly Wendy O'Malley, younger daughter of Mrs. A. M. O'Malley, of Mulgawon Station, Bourke, and the late Mr. H. O'Malley. George is the son of Mrs. Grace Taylor, of Hurstville, and the late Mr. H. Webeck.



**BRIDAL GROUP.** Mr. and Mrs. Theo Hill after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church with attendants Mrs. A. Raymond, Barbara McLoughlin, Nerida Hill, and Betty McDonald. The bride was Bonnie Richardson.

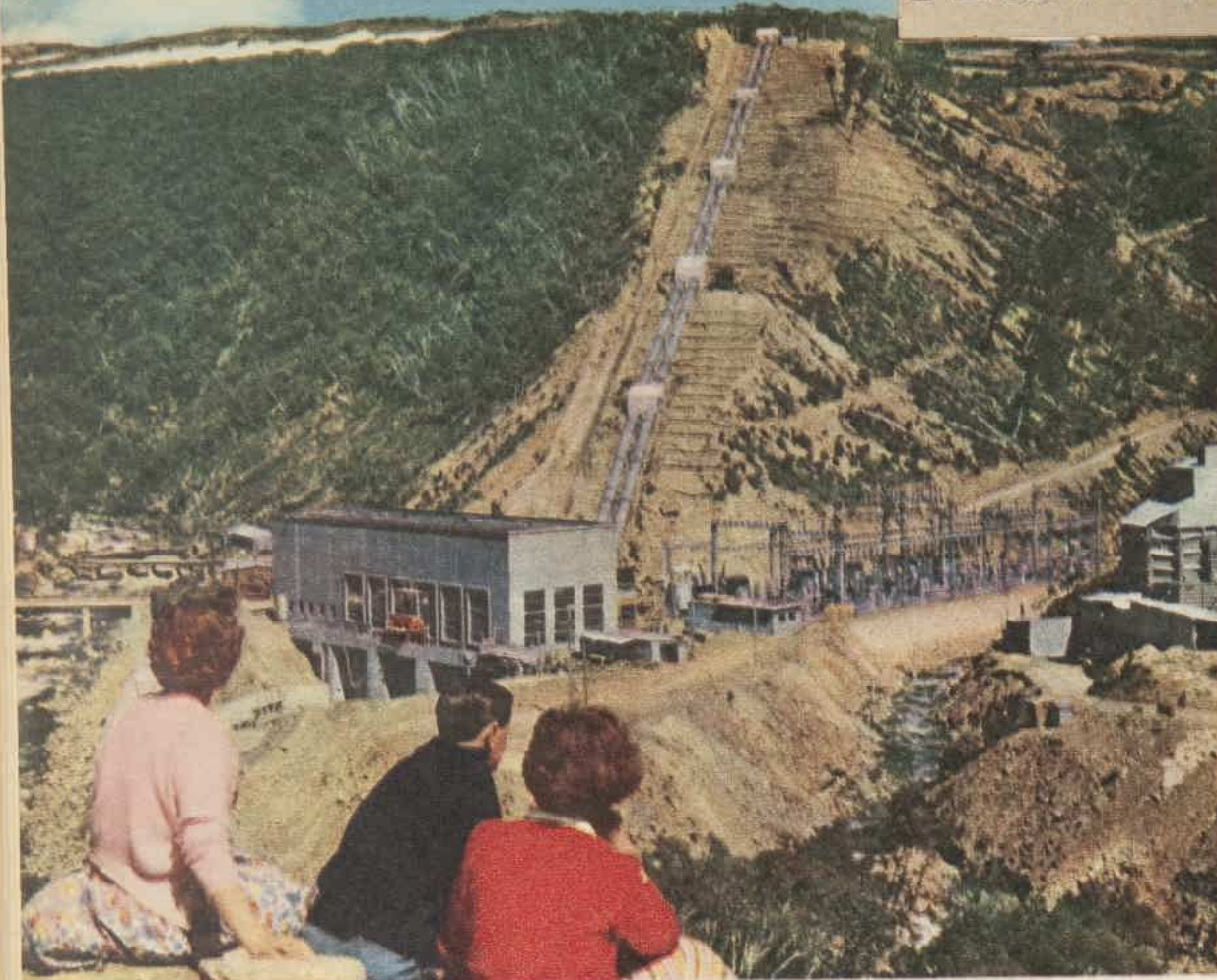


**AT FIRST NIGHT.** Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pollard at the first night of the revue "Hat Trick" at the Phillip Street Theatre.

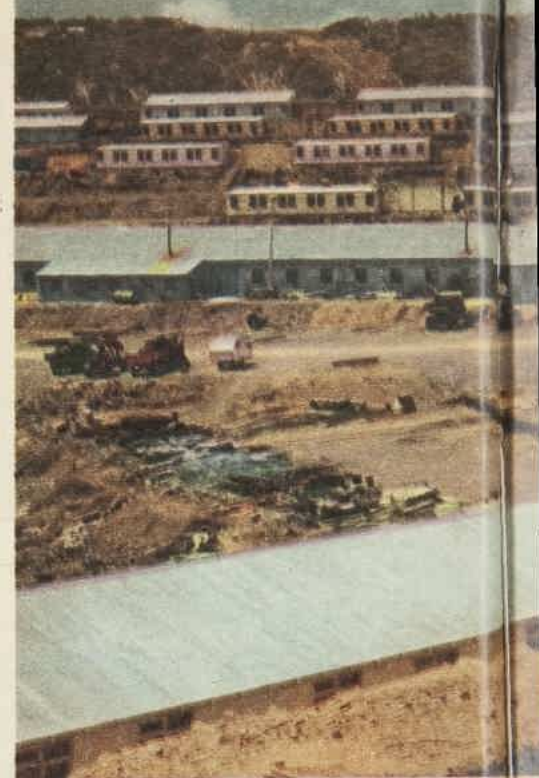
Anne



# Adventure in the



**WEEK-END TOURISTS** Doreen Mills (left), Frank Brand, and Shirley Nepean look down on the Mungyang powerhouse, part of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Project. Running down the ridge are penstocks (steel pipes), which carry water to the powerhouse from the Guthega Dam, three miles away and 800 feet higher. Photographs by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.



**CABRAMURRA**, highest town in Australia, which is built on a hillside. (46 of whom are women) work for the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Project. In the foreground are some of the week-end workers' hostels.



**SITE of Adaminaby Dam (above)**, biggest dam in the Snowy Mountains Scheme. The Eucumbene River will be diverted to build its wall.



**TUMUT RIVER (left)** from above the site of T1, the powerhouse which is to be built 1100 feet under the ground.

**T**WENTY-ONE strong, we gathered at Central Railway Station, Sydney, one sunny Friday morning—the tourist adventurers of the Snowy Mountains.

Staff photographer Adelle Hurley and I were part of the group, all set to spend a week-end exploring the wonders of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme on the roof of Australia, hard by Mount Kosciusko.

That we were adventurers we knew, because the Tourist Bureau had labelled our jaunt a "Tour-Adventure."

It's true, at first glance we didn't look specially adventurous. Thirteen of our number were women. Apart from two 24-year-olds, Doreen Mills and Shirley Nepean, and a youngish clerk named Frank Brand, the rest of the party hovered between middle-aged and elderly.

But what are a few years when the heart is young was the general feeling on that sunny Friday morning.

Twittering like so many migrating starlings, we clambered aboard the train at Central at 8 a.m. By the time we reached Cooma, 268 miles and eight hours later, most of the twitter had gone out of us and we were hot, sleepy, gritty with coal dust, and plagued by over-eating, that bane of tourists.

However, all trace of lassitude vanished when we finally hit Cooma, where we were met by a bus and a fresh-faced, clean-cut young man in a neat grey business suit, who introduced himself as our guide, John Mackintosh.

Mr. Mackintosh got right down to guiding. He walked Adelle and me briskly round the town, plying us with facts and figures.

Cooma, headquarters of the Snowy Mountains Authority, has tripled its population (from 2000-odd to 6000-

odd), he informed us, in the past three years.

And it is no longer the frontier town it was when the Authority moved in. Two new schools, but no new hotels, have been built. Nowadays, it seems, Cooma leans more to cultural clubs than to rip-roaring saloons.

Even its night-club has closed down. However, there's still color there.

As our bus trundled us round the town, busy with week-end shoppers, we glimpsed dozens of young women pushing perambulators, hundreds of healthy looking children, and a goodly collection of obviously European men, mostly short and stocky and dressed in bright jackets, big, yellow work-boots, and woollen caps with pompons.

There were even one or two lean, rangy Australians in tight pants and broad hats, with the rolling walk of horsemen—the original men from Snowy River down from the mountain-mustering and looking a little ill at ease in a town where huge trucks loaded with bulldozers and other vast machines to tear up their mountains are constantly roaring by.

We had no time to linger, and off we hustled in our bus to North Cooma to dine as the guests of the Authority.

By the time we piled into the bus again at about six o'clock, after early dinner, to start on the last stage of our day's journey—a 65-mile drive to Cabramurra, where we were to stay the night—we were one jolly, happy band.

Through the lush green countryside we drove into the setting sun, past Adaminaby and the Adaminaby Valley.

At last, just after nine o'clock, the bus panted round a hillside and the lights of Cabramurra burst on us to a chorus of "Oh's" from the tourists. Sharp, blue electric light is a shock on the top of an apparently deserted mountain.

## Tourists' week exploring d

By ISLA BROWN

At Cabramurra we were greeted by Mr. L. B. Grayson, Cabramurra's chief citizen, whose title is Facilitating Services Engineer.

Mr. Grayson, a quiet-voiced American with a shock of white hair, a brown velvet sports jacket, an Australian wife, and two young sons, is, he told me later, a "sort of super-house-keeper."

He is responsible for the building of construction camps, for their lighting (all camps are electrically lit), their



**WORN OUT.** With 768 miles of travel in days of solid night-seeing behind them, the tourists want nothing but sleep in the place.



# Snowy Mountains



Build on terraces cut from the mountainside. The town's 400 residents take Authority and live in comfortable, prefabricated houses or tourists: from left, Miss C. Dowding, Mrs. Eagles, Miss M. Dowding.

ABOVE. Snow sports for tourists on the slopes of Mt. Kosciusko, not far from the summit. The river is the Snowy, which rises only a mile or so from this spot. BELOW: Island Bend housekeeper Mrs. Edith Loretic books in tourists. Visitors are frequent and in summer Island Bend averages three busloads a week. Mrs. Loretic, a young German, is married to a Yugoslav radiologist.

## Week-end of deluxe

### BOOK

ing (all houses and hostels are ray heated), their sewerage, their and their general comfort.

abramurra is not quite two years The six single women in the town numbered by unattached men some 60 to one.

A "paradise," sighed one of the adventurers.

On Saturday morning by 8.30 we into the bus and off.

We saw the site of the Tumut Ponds a narrow, V-shaped gorge with

a 280ft. drop down to the Tumut River, and peered over the edge while Mr. Mackintosh told us how high the dam will be (286ft.), how long (685ft.), how big (570 acres), and a lot of other hows.

All morning we toured through majestic mountain ranges and rich, green valleys, past Jindabyne, where we got our first glimpse of the Snowy River and where we all tut-tutted when we were told the town and its lovely valley, like Adamina, are doomed to drowning.

Late in the afternoon we got to Island Bend—a camp much like Cabramurra, only lower (by 1000ft.), older (it's over three), and bigger (pop. 600), but with the same number of single women (six), making Island Bend's male-female ratio about 100 to one.

There we ate and slept while Island Bend went about its usual Saturday night occupation of gathering at the canteen.

Songs in all languages floated up to us, but there was no riotousness.

"Here peoples do not fight each other," I was told by Mrs. Loretic, the camp's housekeeper. "We are many different peoples but we get on together."

Sunday was much like Saturday. During the morning we saw sights—the Guthega Dam, the Munyang power-house (both almost completed), tunnel sites, aqueducts, pipelines, roadworks—all the vast and almost incomprehensibly immense ramifications of the Snowy Mountains Project.

After lunch we took off to see snow, which so far we'd only glimpsed in patches on distant ranges.

It meant a long, steep drive almost to the summit of Kosciusko itself, for the snow, even on the mountain tops above the tree-line, melts quickly in a hot summer like this.

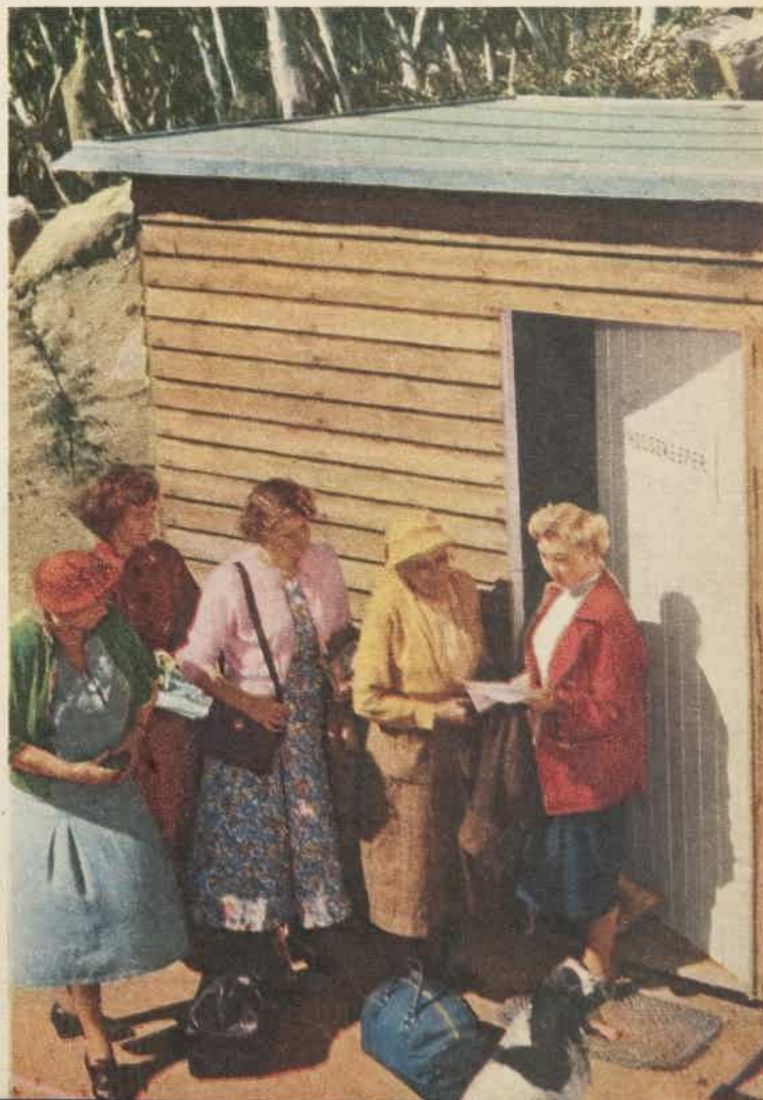
The snow safely seen, our driver, an obliging young native of Cooma named Dick Smith, turned his bus for home. Down the mountain roads we went, back to Cooma, and then on and on another 72 miles to Canberra, where a plane was waiting to fly us back to Sydney.

In the plane the adventurers, tired now but still undaunted, did some figuring.

We had, we worked out, covered 768 miles in three days. We'd seen more sights than most of us could remember, and it had cost us about 2½d. a mile, food and lodging included.

"It was," said a Miss Dowding, summing up, "the most wonderful trip you could think of. I'm going to talk about it to everyone—just everyone."

Sleepily the other adventurers agreed.



BRIEFING. Guide John Mackintosh uses a large map of the area to explain the Snowy Mountains Scheme to the party of tourists. The tours are very popular.

and three the weary one home.





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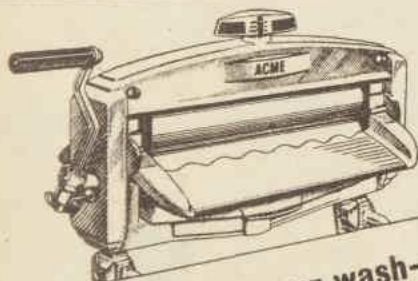
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# Worth Reporting

**OUT** in the bush round Castlemaine, Victoria, the Thomas family of ten is busily fitting into its modest home all sorts of treasures which formed the first prize of a recent nation-wide family quiz on domestic animals.

The little place shines now with new hope after years of struggling to make ends meet on endowments and pensions.

Mrs. Winifred Thomas, a widow with nine children ranging in age from four years to 20, cut out her winning entry form from an advertisement in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The £800 worth of surprises included a radiogram, mantel radio, tape recorder, floor coverings, children's pedal car, scooter, and rocking-horse; £400 cash was another part of the wind-fall.

Neighborhood working-bees put up the Thomas' present house at Castlemaine a few years ago after the local Apex Club helped them to buy the land.

Mrs. Thomas thinks this might be the turn of the tide in the family's struggle.

"With the money, the children and I will break up the solid clay on our block and lay a top soil. Then it will be wonderful to grow vegetables and to have that little rambling flower-garden I cherish in my dreams.

"We'll have electricity installed, too."

## Sea voyage improves the flavor

**ABOARD** a new Norwegian motor vessel in Melbourne recently, sampling Norway's famous national drink, aquavit, we were intrigued to discover that, like people, aquavit which has travelled abroad enjoys higher social prestige at home.

And we were told that the most ritzy voyage a bottle of aquavit can make is a return cruise from Norway to Australia.

Chief Officer Schibsted explained that Norwegian distillers send consignments of it on most vessels coming out here to perfect the maturing process in Australian warm weather.

In Norway, aquavit, with a label guaranteeing it has been to Australia, costs three times the price of the Cinderella bottles that haven't been abroad.

Made from potatoes and flavored with caraway seed, aquavit is an exciting, amber-colored spirit with a high-powered kick.



"Not yet, but he's showing signs."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Okay kid, get funny

**COMEDIAN** Frank D'Amore, who came to Australia in the Frank Sinatra party, wears a white sports shirt with a very small script "Frank" embroidered on the pocket.

An engaging young man, he told us his father runs an Italian restaurant in Hollywood.

"It's called the Villa Capri," he said. "Might as well give the old man a plug."

"My father's known Frank Sinatra a long time. Nearly jumped out the window with excitement when he knew I was coming on this tour."

Frank D'Amore was serving in the infantry in Korea when he had an opportunity to join the Special Services division as an entertainer.

"A major came along and told me a comedian was needed. There were a lot of fellows who'd been in battle, resting, scattered round a hillside. This major calls them over and says to me, 'Okay, kid, get funny.'

"The first show I played was for the Gloucesters, that British regiment that was cut to pieces. We played this show to the handful that were left."

"Later I was talking to a British officer. You can't beat these Brits for the way they put things. Someone spoke of the hill where the Gloucesters were surrounded."

"And this British officer, he said: 'Oh, yes, that's the hill where my boys had a bit of a controversy with the Chinese.'"

**AN** elderly gentleman sat down beside us in a crowded city cafe the other day, took off his hat, and ignoring the astonished stares around him meticulously combed his thinning hair.

When each hair was neatly in place he calmly picked up the menu and gave his order to a fascinated waitress.

## Remarkable car driver

**THERE'S** a quiet and determined spirit of adventure in 27-year-old textile executive Mr. W. B. Montgomery and his young wife, Clarice, who recently set a record for an eight horse-power car by driving more than 10,309 miles from London to Bombay in 48 days.

The trip was all the more remarkable because Mr. Montgomery has only one arm, yet insisted on doing all the driving.

His wife, who is a trained nurse, said that she loved driving, but there was a special reason why she didn't butt in.

"Monty had never been mad about proving anything until he lost his right arm in a car accident six years ago," she said.

"After that, driving, in particular, seemed to take on a new importance."

In Turkey bandits attacked the car, but Mrs. Montgomery was more than equal to them.

"I have a brother who taught me a straight right hook, and I connected first punch," she said. "It gave them such a shock that they took to their heels."

## Book News

By Helen Frizell

### "MY LEFT FOOT,"

an autobiography by Irishman Christy Brown, who received a brain injury at birth which ruined his power of muscular co-ordination. A moving and factual story.

Secker and Warburg.

### "CHARLOTTE FAIRLIE."

A disappointing offering by D. E. Stevenson (who wrote "Mrs. Tim"). Charlotte Fairlie is headmistress of a school, and the narrative tells of her troubles with staff and pupils and her subsequent marriage.

Collins.

### "MADELINE'S RESCUE."

Officially for children, this offering of Ludwig Bemelmans is far more likely to be read by adults. Text and colored drawings are superb, and the scenes of Paris have an existentialist charm.

Verschoyl: Grahame Book Co.

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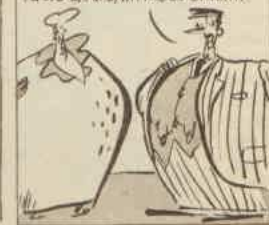


even when grandma  
was a girl!

PLB 54

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY.

JUNIOR DID VERY WELL IN HIS LAST YEAR'S EXAMS, I'M PROUD OF HIM!



NATURALLY! HE HAS MY BRAINS!



OH, SO THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!!



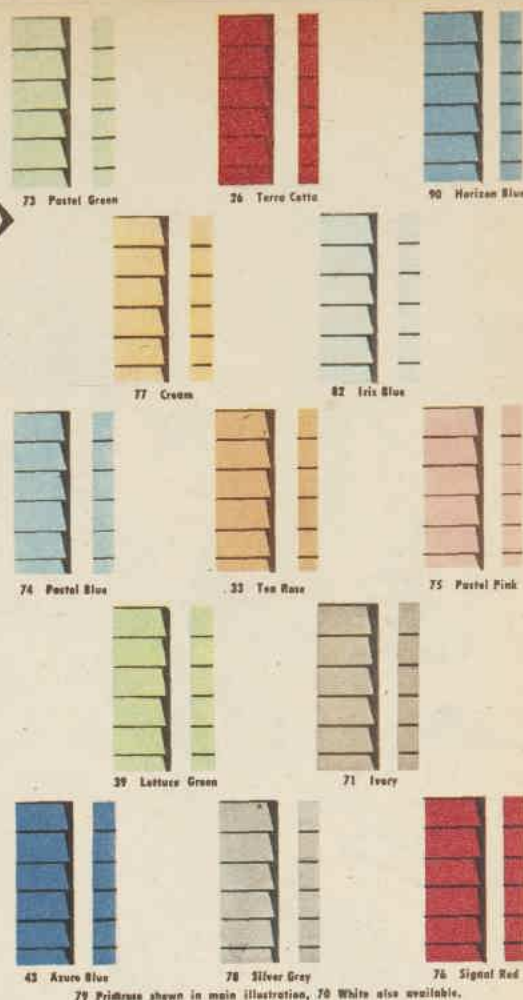
BY RUD



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OF AUSTRALIA

## ALL-METAL VENETIANS add exciting colours to your windows . . .

Modern decorators add exciting colours to their interior decoration schemes by selecting Aberdeen all-metal venetians as the foundation of their window treatments. You can choose from any of the fifteen glorious colours illustrated on this page and there is a range of five two-tone slats for outside uniform appearance. State number and colour when ordering from your retailer. (The colours reproduced are as accurate as it is possible to obtain by modern magazine printing.)



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- ▶ Matching or contrasting coloured tapes and cords are available in a wide range to suit the most discerning taste.
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- ▶ The permanent, glass-smooth, plastic-finished aluminium alloy slats are easy to dust.
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LORRAE DESMOND, Australian singer, who has had a big London success.

## AUSTRALIAN SINGER'S SUCCESS

**T**HERE'S a great fluttering among British disc-jockeys and song-publishers — about Australia's Lorrae Desmond.

Lorrae, an ash-blond with a husky, breathe-in-your-ear voice, is soaring up the hit parade on the basis of fewer than six song recordings. Already, thanks to her discovery by a couple of radio disc-jockeys, she is a celebrated name in the song business.

It all started when Lorrae appeared on a B.B.C. variety programme with top comedian Terry-Thomas, an engaging monster with a drawl bred of Oxford vowels and R.A.F. slang. Lorrae's part in his show was as a burlesque opera soprano.

After the show she talked with Bunny Lewis, a talent scout from a recording company. "That was very funny," he said.

"Yes," Lorrae protested. "But I'm a 'pop' singer!"

That led to a trial recording. They tried both her "voices"—the straight soprano and the husky, from-me-to-you style. There was no doubt which really hit the mark.

Not long after, bandleader Roy Fox introduced Lorrae's recording of "On the Water-front" on his B.B.C. programme to England at large. It started a deluge of sales.

In a few months her record sales have climbed into the best-seller class and made her one of the big new personalities in the song business.

Lorrae originally came from Mittagong, N.S.W. The family moved when she was ten, when bushfires ravaged the district.

"I can still remember them," she said.

Lorrae Desmond's recording of "I Can't Tell a Waltz from a Tango," her latest and a smash-hit, is sufficient notice to anyone in England that she has really arrived, and is staying.

She shares a cottage with another successful Australian singer, Kathy Lloyd.

Despite the worship of the song-loving public, these two glamor-pusses are going somewhat a-wasting. Both have admitted that no time is left for other preoccupations, like males.

Lorrae said, with a laugh, "No, not married. Not engaged. And not likely. I don't seem to spend enough time in any one spot to form any attachments."

## Diamonds aren't a Girl's Best Friend...

Here she was, bejewelled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off . . . polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds aren't a girl's best friend . . . Listerine Antiseptic is!

### No Tooth Paste Kills Odour Germs Like This

Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree

to which you reduce germs in the mouth. You see, scientists have discovered that by far the most common cause of bad breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins always present in the mouth. But chlorophyll does not kill germs. No tooth paste is antiseptic. So how can you expect tooth paste to kill germs as efficiently as an antiseptic?

On the other hand, Listerine Antiseptic kills germs *instantly* . . . by the millions! Not just around the teeth, but way back in the throat, too! That's why *only* Listerine Antiseptic will stop bad breath instantly! (And not just for minutes, but usually for hours on end!)

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Recently, Listerine Antiseptic was scientifically compared with leading tooth pastes. In these tests Listerine stopped bad breath on an average of four times better than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Proof like this leaves no question in anyone's mind. At morning . . . at night . . . and before every social engagement, you're safer, smarter, sweeter when you gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



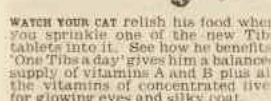
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## THE SOLDIER

By

Karl Ludwig Opitz

This is the best German novel to come out of the war so far.

The author tells the story of a private soldier in Germany's Army in Africa, and later in France when Germany was defeated and falling back. The cruelty of war and the impact of all its squalor and misery on a sensitive intelligence are powerfully presented; the realism and candor of the story are impressive.

Price 13/3

From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 2, 1955

# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The one-piece dress illustrated at right was chosen in response to numbers of letters asking for a simple and flattering design for the not-so-slim figure.

I HAVE answered one reader's letter that is typical of many I have received.

Here it is below, and my reply:

"THOUGH I am considered a young 45, I have a 44in. bust and it is difficult to find a pattern for a smart, simple frock to suit my figure and taste. Most of the styles are too trimmed up. Would you assist me with this problem?"

The dress I have chosen for you (at right) has simple slimming lines. The shirt-waist bodice-top has a front fastening and pin-tuck trim, and the skirt has just enough fullness for flattery. I do hope it is the type of dress you had in mind and you will like it sufficiently well to copy. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. The caption under the sketch gives details and how to order.

"I AM being married in a church, but my wedding will be attended by just a handful of close friends. I would like to be dressed in white as a bride, but feel it would be foolish to have a really formal gown with a train. What do you advise?"

A ballerina-length dress, made in white, is the perfect bridal fashion for the girl who wants to marry in a church but plans a small informal wedding. The design for the dress could be quite simple. A full-skirted, bare-topped ensemble with a matching jacket is a good idea, because later it can be worn as a party dress.

Don't forgo the flattery of a veil; have the latter in white tulle, circular, and quite short. I suggest you have it chin length or a little shorter. The veil could be attached to a wreath of flowers or a minute hat. Complete the ensemble with a small spray of flowers,



D.S.125. — Matron's one-piece dress in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

carried or pinned to the frock at the waistline.

"ARE pedal-pushers still being worn? If not, what style of trousers is in fashion?"

Newer than pedal-pushers are slender-line pants cut to cling to the shinbone and reach to above ankle length.

"WOULD you please suggest ideas for a couple of evening frocks suitable for a semi-tropical climate? I want them both in white, as I have a sallow skin and it seems to be my best color. I am 24 and SSW fitting."

I suggest cotton for both dresses. One could be made in sheer white cotton organdie, ankle length, with a cool halter-line bodice-top and a wide skirt, the skirt made in three layers of organdie. Have the dress mounted on white taffeta. Buy a lingerie taffeta that will launder well.

For the second design I like the idea of white voile, the bodice-top strapless, and the skirt made in small tiers from hip to hemline. Have each tier scalloped in bright carnation-pink. Again I advise washing taffeta for the foundation.

"WOULD you advise me on fabric and shade for a between-seasons coat? I am planning to wear the coat with several printed silk frocks."

Shantung or faille is my suggestion for the material. You will have to make the color choice yourself, as you omitted to mention the coloring in your print dresses. Have the coat straight and unbelted. The silhouette is slimmer than last year's duster. Highlight the design with a small velvet collar and matching cuffs.

"I WOULD like something new for a sunsuit to wear only on a beach. I will be making it myself and am using floral cotton."

Very new is a one-piece sunsuit with an elongated strapless bodice top and brief all-round pleated skirt.

"WOULD you please tell me what are to be the most popular colors for a tailored suit for autumn and winter?"

All the reds, garnet, poppy, coral, red-orange, red-purple, plus caramel, cognac, and dark brown are colors that will be heard of most often for suits of the autumn-winter season.

Tweeds in pale and dark colors are also important. One of the newest color effects is coal-black woven with a pure white confetti sprinkle.

for EVERY kind of hair

for EVERY style of perm

## Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT will give your hair lovely natural-looking curls

Whether your hair is easy to wave or hard to wave, one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want, easily, surely. Both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse incorporated.

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## For NORMAL and HARD-TO-WAVE Hair



extra quick... firmer curls

**NEW!** This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm recently introduced. Look for it in the GREEN box. This special-formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it... no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

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Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO for naturally soft, shiny hair!

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It's CONCENTRATED—32 shampoos from each 8-oz. bottle

H.P. 77.123

## Esquire's Handbook for Hosts

By the Editors of "Esquire"

You will enhance your reputation as a host if you use ideas from this entertaining and valuable volume. It is an impeccable guide to food, drink, and party games.

"Esquire's" best cartoons are the amusing illustrations.

Price 34/9

From all Booksellers

Beauty in Brief:

## LONGER HAIR STYLES

By CAROLYN EARLE

LETTING your hair grow out of post-fashionable "tousled" styles into the longer-but-not-long designs that look like taking on this season is an undertaking for the strong in heart.

Trying to cope with wispy ends as the hair grows longer is no job for amateurs.

However, if you have a yen to try it out, there is comfort in the thought that the growing-out period is less bothersome if you place your locks in the hands of a good barber who will cut and shape the hair into some sort of order.

Of course, you will need to decide early on just how long a style you want.

For instance, do you want to exchange your boyish bob for the classic page-boy? Or will you merely lower your curls nearer to the nape of the neck than in the recent past?

One of the really attractive styles that has sprung from boyish haircuts is the free-form clip in which the hair brushes backwards from the brow—or maybe from a short centre or side parting—and breaks here and there in wide, natural contours.



"Far whiter than last week . . . . Look! Mum's just tried PERSIL!"



"Trust the teenagers of to-day to teach their mothers a trick or two," says Mrs. V. M. Smith, 46 Avoca Street, Bondi, N.S.W. "I laughed when my daughter said her schoolfriends' blouses were whiter than hers because their mothers used Persil. But how true it was! I tried Persil out. And I was

simply amazed at the difference it made to my whole wash. Everything just that much whiter and cleaner and it's gentle enough for my finer things. Couldn't be more delighted."

**WHY PERSIL WASHES WHITER** Easy! Because Persil washes cleaner. Millions of oxygen suds search out the dirt from every thread of those soiled clothes. You can trust all your whites, coloureds and woollies in Persil.



**Persil Washes Whiter!**

P.111WW.143g

## Continuing . . . Night of Heartbreak

from page 5

were leaving and gallantly waved us on our way. He masked his feelings as a gentleman would.

Dinner left Mal and me feeling a little drowsy and let down, so the dance wasn't much of a success. We stayed until about eleven and then we all gave up and started back to the cottage.

We must have been almost down the mountain when we heard the baby crying. Nancy took off like a bird, with Mal right on her heels. I grabbed Midge's hand and hauled her along as I broke into a run, too.

But by the time we made the cottage we could hear Nancy moving around upstairs and the baby's screams had subsided into a more peaceful sound. He'd just been wet probably. The Major should have been able to handle the situation with ease if he had gone upstairs to investigate when he first heard the crying.

But The Major—  
Mal stood in front of the fireplace, his face frozen in fury and shock and sick horror, looking at The Major, who stared up at him, helpless, from the couch. A gin bottle lay on the hearth and a network of red veins flamed in The Major's cheeks and his eyes were bloodshot and glazed and out of focus.

He was sprawled in a corner of the couch and it was perfectly obvious that he couldn't hoist himself into an upright position.

It wasn't an insurmountable catastrophe, of course. It was nasty, but we were all friends.

I got Midge out to the porch. We heard Nancy come down and then a mumble of voices.

Mal came out then and said in a perfectly normal voice, "Sorry, people. He . . . didn't bother to eat, Nancy is feeding him a bite. He'll be all right. He doesn't generally . . ."

Even in the darkness I could see Mal's hands gripping the rail and I'd known the guy long enough to know what this was doing to him. His father, his idol, his God—and in front of his friends!

"Don't worry," I said as easily as I could, "it happens to us all. Come on, have a smoke. It's too nice to go indoors—"

So we stood there, the three of us, smoking. And the moment passed and the dreadfulness was nearly gone.

And then it came.

There was a crash in the kitchen—the shattering sound of smashing crockery, not once, but twice, in rapid succession. And hard into the startled silence that followed we heard the hurt whimper and heartbroken sobbing that had to be Nancy. Rising above that was the harsh parade-ground voice, slurred and distorted but charged with hatred, incredibly

hurling the vilest kind of invective.

I can still see the scene in the kitchen—it's burned on the backs of my eyelids somehow—and I wish I could forget it, but I know that I never will. There were the smashed plate on the floor and the spilled yellow of egg-yolk running from beneath it, the pathetic little curls of bacon under the stove, the spilled coffee on the clean cloth, the shattered cup.

And there was Nancy, huddled over the kitchen table, with her face buried in her arms and her small shoulders shaking with her sobs, still in her dancing dress, like a broken-winged butterfly. And there was The Major.

The Major, with one hand gripping a shelf for support, was swaying perilously. His bloodshot eyes were focused now on Nancy, his face was contorted, he was hurling vituperations at her. The bitter, unyielding hatred poured out of him as though his handsome old body had long been nothing but a repository for hate.

It was incoherent, most of it, but enough made sense—in a dreadful way. You knew what The Major had concealed for so long, you knew The Major's bitter, jealous enmity for the enduring thing it was. Nancy was in no way fit for The Major's son, yet she had taken his son away from him.

Mal dropped a hand on The Major's shoulder after that first moment of shock and spun him around. The Major stumbled and stood swaying helplessly, his eyes trying to focus on Mal's face.

And then, deliberately, Mal held The Major upright with one hand and swung the other, slapping the old man across the face—once, twice. The Major's head snapped one way and then the other.

And then the odd thing happened. As Mal let go and stepped back, he snapped to attention and instantly The Major snapped to attention, too, his heels clicking smartly, his shoulders squaring.

They faced each other and a flicker of pure fear appeared in The Major's eyes. I saw the momentary indecision in Mal's face and I knew that he couldn't do what he had to do—and that I couldn't have done it either had I been Mal.

Then Nancy raised a white, stricken face and I saw Mal glance at her. And something came into his face that had never been there before. In that moment Malcolm Barrow came of age.

"Out, Dad," Mal said tonelessly and jerked a thumb at the kitchen door. It was the first time I'd ever heard him call his father "Dad" or any-

thing but "Major." "I'll drive you to the hotel and pack your bags and bring them down to you in the morning. Out!"

The Major searched his son's face for something that wasn't there any more, and grim horror came into Nancy's eyes and she opened her mouth and shut it again. I wouldn't have thought Nancy knew enough to keep quiet then, but she did.

"Colonel," The Major said thickly, slurring his words, though I'm sure he was stone sober now, and trying somehow to smile, "Colonel, don't pull your rank on me!"

"Out, Dad," Mal repeated and the strength of decision was in his weary, toneless voice and I looked to see if Nancy had heard it, too.

And she had. She had heard Malcolm Barrow saying, "This is my wife. I chose her and I choose her now, over you, my father, over anything in my life. There can be nothing I will not destroy if it harms her."

"Son," The Major said and I know he heard what Nancy heard because I saw it hit him. I had seen Nancy's face dissolve in pride and love and adoration and now, strangely, I saw the same love and pride in Mal's strength appear reflected on The Major's face, mingled with the greatest sadness I have ever seen.

I saw the old man's shoulders slump and then straighten and there was a bleak dignity in The Major's eyes, along with the realisation that what had happened was irrevocable and final, that there was nothing more in life for him nor could there ever be. His heart broke then—I saw it break.

"Yes, sir!" The Major said crisply and spun in a square military turn and marched towards the front of the house.

But Mal stepped squarely in his way and Mal's face was cold and set and inimical. And Mal jerked his thumb at the kitchen door and snapped, "The back door!"

I heard Nancy cry, "No," faintly, a tiny gasp of sound, but in the flicker of The Major's eyes as he altered course and marched without hesitation out the back door I saw that he understood and condoned that last seemingly unnecessary lash of brutality from his son. The Major, no doubt, had at some time in his long military career been compelled to destroy something he cherished for the sake of something he cherished even more.

I saw compassion mingle with the sorrow in The Major's eyes and I wished then that I had not witnessed the scene. But I cannot wish it now.

Mal turned to us, and with an indescribable dignity he managed to say through his agony: "I am very sorry. Will you excuse me?"

Nancy was standing now, moving jerkily like a mechanical doll towards her husband's arms. Nancy would never quite understand, never quite believe it, I knew. I could see that in the great warmth of Nancy's decent little heart she was resolving even then that somehow, some day, she would bring them back together again. She would keep her husband now that at last she had him for her own, but she would somehow give him back his father, too.

And, of course, I knew that Nancy was wrong, that neither she nor Mal would ever see The Major again. Manhood comes early to some, and late to others. But once it has come to a man such as The Major had raised his son to be, that man cannot go back, nor can there be any division of his loyalty from then on.

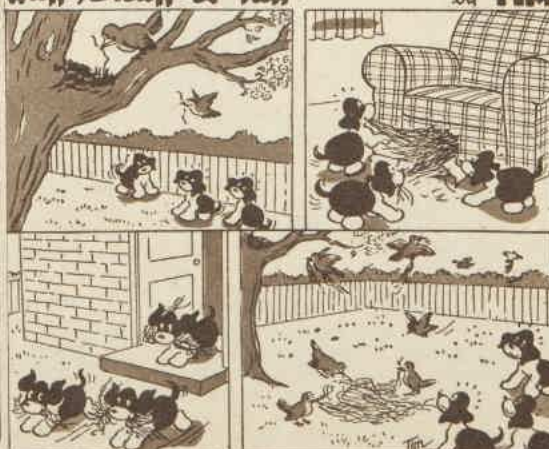
But it would be all right for Mal and Nancy from now on—there could scarcely be any question of that.

(Copyright)

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days February 3 and 6. Delicate tints of any color which reflects the light, accompanied by white accessories, encourage romance.	★ Go over your plans and accounts, listen to the opinions of marriage partner or business associates, be sure you are not tempted into schemes beyond your means.	★ If a parent, children and their needs are likely to take up much of your time. Otherwise, there may be a showdown over some domestic problem which is pressing.	★ A storm in your oldest personal relationship may be impending unless you take care, by smart headwork, to guard your love and happiness by putting yourself last.	★ Those who are club members may hold a reunion or a special celebration, and meet friends not seen for some time. Young natives may compete in sports.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days February 3 and 6. Wear navy, junior navy, either plain or in prints with small patterns, to help in business or social effort.	★ If the early part of the week is filled with delays, or petty annoyances, which make it hard to get on with the job, the latter part favors agreements, contracts.	★ Try to strike a balance between keeping home and family running smoothly, and your own personal desires for action, worldly or social advancement, ambition.	★ Use commonsense and don't go in for heavy dramatics if your beloved appears neglectful of you. He, or she, must attend to other things in life besides love-making.	★ Combine business with pleasure, be willing to serve on a committee, and do your bit cheerfully, or help in the joint effort for your group by handing money or goods.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days February 3 and 5. Unusual combination of color, in geometric design, helps travel plans, whether the journey be long or short.	★ You may take on more than you can handle, then, in the end, let everything slide. Choose one single target and hit it dead centre. Afterwards try for something else.	★ Arrangements made at the expense of other people's wishes will not last, unless they suit all parties. Avoid arguments with landlord or tenants.	★ Doubts, hesitation about people, or your own wishes can make your path more difficult. Even a bad decision is better than no action at all. It's up to you.	★ Students will be thinking of courses which are available. Plan reading along a definite line, rather than dipping into books here and there; you'll benefit.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days February 2 and 7. A scarf or flower in violet tinges, or any material with mauve in the pattern, helps the budget.	★ You are susceptible to the influence of other people, at present. They could lead you into changing your plans to your disadvantage. Stick to your own judgment.	★ Keep your mind on the service to be given, the work needed in the household, and the cash and credit side will really take care of itself, at present.	★ A secret may be revealed, which takes the form of a surprise gift, invitation, or plan very much to your liking. You'll both share the excitement.	★ Many of your social ideas may have a background which involves finances, but you can carry this too far. You need not spend much to have a good time.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days February 1 and 4. Sunshine colors, all yellows, with brown accessories, should aid projects involving workmates, associates.	★ You're on the beam. Apply your attractive personality to improving your position, or your future prospects. If you have new ideas, or constructive methods, show them.	★ You may feel you've had enough of the domestic scene and are now ready to step out again as a voluntary worker, a student, or in some other capacity.	★ You and your loved one may go on a beach party or plan to spend some days with your crowd. Avoid letting the group split up into twosomes.	★ The opposite sex is bound to be a factor in your social outlook; it won't be fun unless both the boys and girls are present, and, if folks bring their own food, it's easy.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Cherry or garnet-red, with a touch of grey, attracts favorable influences in regard to all practical matters and financial ones, too.	★ Use your head, be sure of facts and figures before taking action. Sentimental appeals can undo a lot of work and put you back where you started, so be tough.	★ Some important domestic project is likely to get under way and require the major part of your time. Changes, big and little, should prove pleasant.	★ If a young man, you'll be considering the purchase of an engagement ring. If a girl, you may be window-gazing at glory boxes. In any case, romance is the keynote.	★ Plenty of hard work involved in that grand idea, but you won't care, because everything should go off with a bang of success. Congratulations may be in order.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days February 3 and 6. Combine as many soft shades of blue as you wish and the opposite sex will admire you.	★ Luck is certain to be an important element. You may be on the receiving end of a nice commission, or a refund. There is a wind-fall headed in your direction.	★ Plans must be kept flexible, since there is the possibility of breakdown in household equipment, mistakes in deliveries, or other minor mishaps.	★ Perhaps you feel that, at last, you have met the one and only. Don't take too much for granted if you are serious. Give your love affair a chance to blossom.	★ A children's party may keep you on your toes if a parent or relative, an informal affair for teenagers if you are at that stage, but plenty of noise is certain.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days February 1 and 5. Tans and fawn are helpful, and lucky colors for you this week if set off with a suggestion of yellow.	★ Maybe you are taking a gloomy view of duties, restrictions, the same old round. Scramble through and devote your leisure to finding new business opportunities.	★ Home could become a hive of activity, into which you may leap with enthusiasm. This is probably connected with a new hobby or the hope of a profitable side-line.	★ Should gossip in regard to the beloved come to your ears, make sure of the source. It may have been started through envy or jealousy, and have no foundation.	★ Arrangements may be cancelled because of the weather or through minor illnesses, but keep any bright ideas for use later on. Your parties are original.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days February 3 and 6. Greys, greens, pale yellows, off-white favor expeditions into unknown territory.	★ Attend to correspondence; it is likely to lead to important developments in the near future. Make applications, request interviews, display your talents.	★ Relatives may give pleasure, or they may become a problem, but they are a factor which cannot be ignored. Personal plans may be sacrificed to circumstances.	★ You can lead the one you love by a silken thread, but all attempts to impose your ideas will serve to make him, or her, stubborn; diplomacy is better than a row.	★ There is a possibility that you will join a group of people for a definite purpose, probably for improving your standard and skill in a sport or hobby.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days February 2 and 4. On a foundation of a black-and-white print, a touch of any bright color will be good for finances.	★ Wind up loose ends, go shopping, and take a list of needs, or you'll come home without some essential item. Pay visits which have been deferred and clean the slate.	★ Take that budget seriously; plan your home financing in order that you can be sure of gratifying a long cherished dream; the goal is worth the effort.	★ Responsibilities, outside circumstances, may keep you both busy, but you'll have plenty to talk about along new lines when you do see each other.	★ Ambition may have a part in the social setup. You may cultivate people for business reasons, or enter into the activities of those on a higher income.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days February 1 and 6. Your personal magnetism will be enhanced if you wear lavender and blue in small patterns.	★ Get off to an early start on the day's effort, or you may be bogged down with unexpected demands on your time and energy. Your prestige is rising and brings benefits.	★ You may assert yourself, taking a stand against an older, perhaps dominating, member of the family who means well, but belongs to another generation.	★ A serene faith in your love will bring happy hours. Romance may be drawing for the first time, or it may be an old story, but this week it brings sunshine.	★ Personal emotions, the desire to pay some one back for a slight in the past, will only create further trouble. Better forget it and go on to other interests.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days February 1 and 7. Lettuce-green, sage-green, or any medium green, will give you confidence in your own ideas.	★ Should anyone try to borrow money or an article you value, don't allow natural generosity to lead to losses, which you can ill afford. Be tactful, but firm.	★ A little investigation may show that a scheme you have in mind could be carried out at less expense than you imagine, if you are prepared to do the work yourself.	★ You may prefer to go off alone and spend time building castles in Spain, since your love affairs may be not yet ready to reach a definite climax.	★ Although you may prefer to stay behind the scenes, you'll make your presence felt on a number of occasions. You are becoming an authority on several matters.

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build-up. I was never groomed. The Press and the columnists were kept in ignorance of my existence.

And there was no scandal to my name. The calendar business came after I was already famous.

I had been terrified for a week before the news of my nude calendar broke. I was sure it would put an end to my fame and that I would never survive my "sin."

My sin had been no more than I have written—posing for the nude picture because I needed fifty dollars desperately to get my car out of hock.

**A** FEW weeks after the story became known, I realised that, far from hurting me in any way, it had helped me. The public must have been touched by this proof of my honest poverty a short while ago.

Letters started flooding my studio by the hundreds of thousands. They were all addressed to me. They came at the rate of 3500 a week, and then 5000 and 7000 a week.

News that the public was hailing me as the new Hollywood movie favorite appeared in the Hollywood gossip columns. No one sent the news out. The columnists printed it because people were talking about it.

The studio officials remained unimpressed for a time. They had their own Star Possibilities they were plugging.

Finally, the mail from the movie fans got to be so fantastic in quantity that the Front Office could no more ignore me than it might an earthquake.

There was some normal fumbling with how to handle me, in what sort of pictures to put me. And there was still a deep conviction in the studio's bosom that I was only a flash-in-the-pan and would very likely be forgotten in a year.

It wasn't to happen that way. I knew it at the time.

I knew I belonged to the public and to the world, not because I was talented or even beautiful, but because I had never belonged to anything or anyone else. The public was the only family, the only Prince Charming and the only home I had ever dreamed about.

When you have only a single dream it is more than likely to come true—because you keep working towards it without getting mixed up.

I worked hard and all day long. I worked inside the studio and outside it.

The publicity department was already on the ball. The magazines seemed to be celebrating a perpetual Marilyn Monroe week. My picture was on nearly all their covers.

People began to treat me differently. I was no longer a freak, a sort of stray ornament, like some stray cat, to invite in and forget about. I was becoming important enough to be attacked. Famous actresses took to denouncing me as a sure way of getting their names in the papers.

In fact, my popularity seemed almost entirely a masculine phenomenon. The women either pretended that I amused them or came right out, with no pretence, that I irritated them.

I did nothing vulgar on the screen. And I did nothing vulgar off the screen. All I did was work from eight to fourteen hours a day.

I felt tired all the time. Worse. I felt dull.

What happened was that in working to make good I had forgotten all about living. There was no fun any more in anything. There was no love in me for anything or anyone. There was only success—beginning

# Concluding... THIS IS MY STORY

[from page 25]

And then one night a friend at the studio said: "A fellow has asked to meet you. He's a very nice man, and I'm sure you'll like him. He's Joe DiMaggio."

"I've heard of him," I said.

It was partly true. I knew the name, but I didn't actually know what it stood for.

"Don't you know who he is?" my friend asked.

"He's a football or baseball player," I said.

"Wonderful," my friend laughed. "It's time you were coming out of your Marilyn Monroe tunnel. DiMaggio is one of the greatest names that is ever in baseball. He's still the idol of millions of fans."

"I don't care to meet him," I said. Asked why, I said that I didn't like the way sports and athletes dressed, for one thing.

"I don't like men in loud clothes," I said, "with checked suits and big muscles and pink ties. I get nervous."

But I went to join a small party with whom Joe DiMaggio was having dinner in Chasen's Restaurant.

It was a balmy night, and I was late, as usual.

When the dinner host said: "Miss Monroe, this is Joe DiMaggio," I was quite surprised. Mr. Joe DiMaggio was unexpected.

I had thought I was going to meet a loud, sporty fellow. Instead, I found myself smiling at a reserved gentleman in a grey suit, with a grey tie and a sprinkle of grey in his hair. There were a few blue polka dots in his tie.

If I hadn't been told he was some sort of a ball player I would have guessed he was either a steel magnate or a Congressman.

He said: "I'm glad to meet you," and then fell silent for the rest of the evening. We sat next to each other at the table. I addressed only one remark to him.

"There's a blue polka dot exactly in the middle of your tie-knot," I said. "Did it take you long to fix it like that?"

Mr. DiMaggio shook his head. I could see right away he was not a man to waste words. Acting mysterious and far away while in company was my own sort of specialty. I didn't see how it was going to work on somebody who was busy being mysterious and far away himself.

I learned during the next year that I was mistaken about this baseball idol. Joe wasn't putting on an act when he was silent, and he was the least far-away man I had ever known. It was just his way of being on the ball.

But to return to my first meal with Mr. DiMaggio—he didn't try to impress me or anyone else. The other men talked and threw their personalities around. Mr. DiMaggio just sat there. Yet somehow he was the most exciting man at the table. The excitement was in his eyes. They were sharp and alert.

Then I became aware of something odd. The men at the table weren't showing off for me or telling their stories for my attention. It was Mr. DiMaggio they were wooing. This was a novelty.

But as far as I was concerned, Mr. DiMaggio was all novelty. In Hollywood, the more important a man is the more he talks. The better he is at his job the more he brags. By these Hollywood standards of greatness my dinner companion was a nobody.

Yet I had never met any man in Hollywood who got so much respect and attention at a dinner table. Sitting next to Mr. DiMaggio was like sitting next to a peacock with its tail spread—that's how noticeable you were.

I had been dead tired when I arrived. Now suddenly I wasn't tired any more. There was no denying I felt attracted. But I couldn't figure out by what. I was always able to tell what it was about a man that attracted me. Except this time with Mr. DiMaggio.

My feeling for this silent, smiling man began to disturb me. What was the use of buzzing all over for a man who was like somebody sitting alone in the observation car?

Then I began to understand something. His silence wasn't an act. It was his way of being himself. And I thought: "You learn to be silent and smiling like that from having millions of people look at you with love and excitement while you stand alone getting ready to do something."

I tried to remember what the football players did the time Jim Dougherty, my first husband, took me to a football game. I couldn't recall anything interesting.

I had never seen a baseball game, so there was no use trying to figure out what a baseball player did that was important. But I was sure now it was something. After one hour all the men at the table were still talking for Mr. DiMaggio's benefit.

Men are a lot different from women in this. They are always full of hero worship for a champion of their sex. It's hard to imagine a table full of women sitting for a whole hour flattering and wooing another

## By MARILYN MONROE

woman if she were three champions.

Since my remark about the blue polka dot in Joe's tie-knot there had been no further conversation between my dinner partner and me.

Even though I was attracted, I couldn't help thinking: "I wonder if he knows I'm an actress? Probably not. And I'll probably never find out. He's the kind of egomaniac who would rather cut off an arm than express some curiosity about somebody else. The whole thing is a waste of time. The thing to do is to go home—and forget him—and without delay."

I told the host I was tired and had a hard day ahead at the studio. It was true.

Mr. DiMaggio stood up when I did.

"May I see you to the door?" he asked.

I didn't discourage him. At the door he broke his silence again.

"I'll walk you to your car," he said.

When we got there he made an even longer speech.

"I don't live very far from here, and I haven't any transportation," he said. "Would you mind dropping me at my hotel?"

I said I would be happy to do that.

I drove for five minutes and began to feel depressed. I didn't want Mr. DiMaggio to step out of the car and out of my life in another two minutes, which was going to happen as soon as we reached his hotel. I slowed down to a crawl.

In the nick of time Mr. DiMaggio spoke up again.

"I don't feel like turning in," he said. "Would you mind driving round a little while?"

Would I mind? My heart jumped and I felt full of happiness. But all I did was nod mysteriously and answer: "It's a lovely night for a drive."

We rode around for three hours. After the first hour I began to find out things about Joe DiMaggio. He was a baseball player and had belonged

to the Yankee Ball Club of the American League in New York.

And he always worried when he went out with a girl. He didn't mind going out once with her. It was the second time he didn't like. As for the third time, that very seldom happened.

He had a loyal friend named George Solotaire in Hollywood who pried the girl loose.

"Is Mr. Solotaire in Hollywood with you?" I asked.

He said he was.

"I'll try not to make him too much trouble when he starts prying me loose," I said.

"I don't think I will have use for Mr. Solotaire's services this trip," he replied.

After that we didn't talk for another half-hour, but I didn't mind. I had an instinct that compliments from Mr. DiMaggio were going to be few and far between, so I was content to sit in silence and enjoy the one he had just paid me.

Then he spoke up again.

"I saw your picture the other day," he said.

"Which movie was it?" I asked.

"It wasn't a movie," he answered. "It was a photograph of you on the sport page."

I remembered the one. The studio had sent me on a publicity stunt to Pasadena, where some team from Chicago called

The Sox was clowning around getting ready for the eastern baseball season.

I wore rather abbreviated shorts and a bra, and the ball players took turns lifting me up on their shoulders and playing piggy-back with me while the publicity men took photographs.

"I imagine you must have had your picture taken doing publicity stunts like that a thousand times," I said.

"Not quite," Mr. DiMaggio answered. "The best I ever got was Ethel Barrymore or General MacArthur. You're prettier."

This admission had an odd effect on me. I had read reams and reams of writing about my good looks, and scores of men had told me I was beautiful. But this was the first time my heart had jumped to hear it.

I knew what that meant and I began to mope. Something was starting between Mr. DiMaggio and me. It was always nice when it started, always exciting, but it always ended up in dullness.

I began to feel silly driving around Beverly Hills like a prowl car. But it wasn't silly. It was falling in love. My romance with Joe, which led us to get married in January, 1954, began that night.

**I** HAVE to be careful when writing about my husband, Joe DiMaggio, because he wins easily. Many of the things that seem normal or even desirable to me are very annoying to him.

He dislikes being photographed or interviewed. If he is even so much as asked to participate in some publicity stunt, he registers a big explosion.

Joe doesn't mind being written about, but he is against doing anything to encourage or attract publicity. In fact, publicity makes him wince more than anything else.

Publicity was one of the problems in our courtship after our three-hour tour of Beverly Hills that first night.

"I wonder if I can take all

your crazy Press stunts," Joe said.

"You don't have to be part of it," I argued.

"I am," he said. "And it bothers me."

"It's part of my career," I said. "When you were a baseball idol you didn't duck photographers."

"Yes I did," he answered.

"Do you want me to hide in a basement?" I asked.

"We'll see how it works out," he said.

There were a number of things to "work out." One was the low neckline of my dresses and suits.

I gave in on this one. I wear no more low-cut dresses.

I put up an argument about the neckline for some time. But finally I began to think Joe might be right.

**T**HE situation at the studio seemed to grow worse every day. Among the black marks the front office had against me was the fact that I had kept Mr. Zanuck waiting for an hour at an Academy Award presentation ceremony.

Some people accused me of doing it on purpose. This wasn't true. I was working on the set, and it took me an hour to get the make-up off and my hair restored to normal.

But keeping Mr. Zanuck waiting was only a side issue. Even the matter of getting more money was a side issue, to me as well as the studio. When a studio stumbles on to a box-office name in its midst, it means millions of dollars income. And every studio has learned to be very considerate financially towards the goose that lays their golden eggs.

The trouble was about something deeper. I wanted to be treated as a human being who had earned a few rights since her orphanage days.

When I had asked to see the script of a movie in which it was announced I was going to star, I was informed that the studio didn't consider it necessary for me to see the script in-advance. I would be given my part to memorize at the proper time.

One day Joe said to me: "You're having all this trouble with the studio and not working, so why don't we get married now? I've got to go to Japan on some baseball business, and we could make a honeymoon out of the trip."

That's the way Joe is, cool and practical. When I get excited over some magazine giving me a big picture spread, he grins and sneers a little.

"Yes, but where's the money?" he asks.

"It's publicity," I yell back.

"Money is better," he says in the quiet way men use when they think they have won an argument.

So we were married.

That was something I had never planned on or dreamed about—becoming the wife of a well-known man. Any more than he had ever thought of marrying a woman who seemed eighty per cent. publicity.

The truth is that we were very much alike. My publicity, like Joe's baseball fame, is something on the outside. It has nothing to do with what we actually are. What I seem to Joe I haven't heard yet. He's a slow talker. What Joe is to me is a man whose looks and character I love with all my heart.

So off we went to Japan on our honeymoon.

My travels have always been of the same kind. No matter where I've gone or why I've gone there it ends up that I never see anything. Becoming a movie star is living on a merry-go-round. When you travel, you take the merry-go-round with you.

I thought Japan would be

different because the studio had temporarily wiped its hands of me.

Joe was happy to hear this, but he didn't stay long. From the minute the studio washed its hands of me my name started popping out of front-page headlines. Joe's, too.

Japan turned out to be another country I never saw. An Army officer, General Christenberry, came up to our seat in the plane as we were approaching Japan. "How would you like to entertain the soldiers in Korea?" he asked me.

"It's your honeymoon," Joe told me with a grin. "Go ahead if you want."

So Joe stayed in Tokio and I went to Korea. My first stop was in a hospital full of wounded soldiers. I sang some songs, including one called "Do It Again."

The soldiers cheered and applauded. Everybody loved everything I did, except one officer attached to my Korean tour. He told me I would have to change my material.

"That song 'Do It Again' is too suggestive to sing to soldiers," he said. "You'll have to do a classy song instead."

I hadn't sung the song with any suggestive meaning. I had sung it as a straight, wistful love song. But I knew there was no use arguing. I'd been up against this sort of thing before. People had a habit of looking at me as if I were some kind of a mirror instead of a person. They didn't see me; they saw their own unsavory thoughts.

We took a helicopter for the front. I didn't see Korea and its battlefields and beaten-up towns. I left one landing field and came down on another.

It was cold and starting to snow. I could hear the thousands of soldiers in the audience roaring my name.

I changed into my silk gown. It had a low neckline and no sleeves. I felt worried all of a sudden about my material, songs like "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend."

It seemed like the wrong thing to say to soldiers in Korea earning only soldiers' pay. Then I remembered reading what Anna Rosenberg of Washington had said after visiting the Army bases in Korea. "What the soldiers want most is Marilyn Monroe for Christmas."

I stepped out on the stage and a sound hit me that almost lifted me off my feet. Seventeen thousand soldiers all yelling at me at the top of their lungs.

I stood smiling at them. It had started snowing. But I felt warm as if I were standing in a bright sun. Even the snowflakes falling on my bare arms felt warm. I felt only happy.

It was from the soldiers in Korea that my fame had first come. It was boys like them who had sent in the first thousands of letters asking for my pin-up pictures.

I sang and danced. I noticed that thousands of the men were looking at me through field-glasses as I danced. Even the men in the front rows were sitting with their opera glasses glued to their eyes.

I kept going until I ran out of material. Then I waved and smiled at them and walked off.

I'll always remember the soldiers and my honeymoon in Korea—with the 45th Division.

When I got back to Tokio after playing ten other shows, I tried to tell Joe about the way the soldiers had cheered me. I was still excited. "You've never heard anything like the cheering," I told him.

Joe grinned at me.

"Yes I have," he said. "Don't let it go to your head. They'll boo you as loud as they cheer you. Just miss the ball once, and see."

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# ALL-NEGRO MUSICAL DRAMA

*Film Fan-Fare*

CONDUCTED BY  
M. J.  
McMAHON

● America's foremost Negro singing and dramatic stars appear in Fox's technicolor, CinemaScope musical drama "Carmen Jones." The musical is a modern version of Bizet's opera "Carmen," with contemporary settings, and new lyrics written by Oscar Hammerstein interpolated in the original musical score.



CARMEN (Dorothy Dandridge), centre, holds court in the dressing-room of Husky Miller (Joe Adams), with towel around his neck. The role of Husky parallels that of Escamillo, the toreador, of the opera. Carmen's two friends Frankie and Myrt are looking on.



LOVELY colored singer Dorothy Dandridge (above) plays the title role of Carmen Jones, the femme fatale of a World War II parachute factory, in this screen setting of Oscar Hammerstein's contemporary version of Bizet's opera "Carmen." Harry Belafonte's Joe, a young corporal headed for flying school, is the modern Don Jose.

②

RIGHT. Dramatic card game. As Husky (Joe Adams) and friends look on, Frankie (Pearl Bailey), centre, tells the fortune of Carmen (Dorothy Dandridge), left. This sequence, enacted in the boxer's apartment, finds Carmen laughing tantalisingly just before the fateful death card is turned.



PEARL BAILEY, internationally known night-club, stage, and screen singing star, plays a leading role in "Carmen Jones." She also sings several of the film's top numbers. One of her songs is "Rhythm on a Drum," based on Bizet's "Gipsy Dance."



# NOW...

## this masking tape solves your biggest painting problem

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♥♥♥♥♥



**1. INJURED** trapper Bushrod Gentry (Robert Taylor) is rescued from Indians by red-headed Mary Cherne (Eleanor Parker).



**2. INTRODUCED** to the large Cherne family, unsuspecting Bushrod is happy to stay while his wound heals. He does not realise that both Cadmus Cherne (Victor McLaglen), centre back, the head of the family, and his daughter have a wedding in mind.



**3. UNEXPECTED** ducking repays Mary for involving Bushrod in a family brawl to keep him from leaving.

## BACKWOODS COMEDY

★ Filmed in Cinema Scope and Eastman Color, Metro's period comedy "Many Rivers to Cross" tells an amusing story of a trapper who hunts game, girls, and Indians with enthusiasm, but manages to side-step matrimony with sure-footed agility.

That is, until a spirited pioneer lass decides that he will make her an ideal husband and does some scalp-hunting on her own account.



**4. DETERMINED** that Bushrod will never escape her, Mary traps him into matrimony. After the ceremony Bushrod leaves, trailed by Mary.



**5. HEFTY KICK** shows her wifely affection when Mary catches up with her husband, who has run foul of the law and has to be rescued from gaol. But he gives her the slip several times.



**6. MEETING** along the trail, Mary tells Bushrod that she is tired of chasing him all over the country and is going home. He is amused, but later disturbed to learn she has run into Indians.



**7. BEATING OFF** Mingoe Indians who have Mary trapped, Bushrod seizes a bow and some arrows, retreats with her into a cave while other Indians close in. Cadmus and his husky sons arrive just in time to save them.



**8. HAPPILY**, Mary and Bushrod, who has had plenty of time to decide that a beautiful wife is not so bad after all, decide to give their delayed romance a chance.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1955



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# "Welsh terror" stars in new epic film

From  
BILL STRUTTON,  
of our London staff

**R**ICHARD BURTON has gone off to Spain to begin the biggest screen role of his career. He is starring in the mammoth production of "Alexander the Great," in which he has the title role.

Burton, more familiarly known in Hollywood and Britain as the "Welsh terror," has been mugging up seriously on this part by reading every biography of the great warrior he can lay hands on.

He has just finished his tenth volume on Alexander—"to get into the skin of the part."

He has earned the reputation as a studio terror because he doesn't give a hoot for anybody or anything. Though he confesses there are two ex-

ceptions to this—acting and money.

"I care about both of those very much," he admits and grins. But he won't act purely for personal gain.

The stocky, turbulent Richard holds a million-dollar contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, yet he makes sure this doesn't prevent him from quitting films for a large part of the year to play Shakespeare or anything else that takes his whimsical fancy at a fraction of the thousand sterling weekly he gets from screen work.

Darryl Zanuck names Burton as one of the three top film stars in the world, yet Burton must have contributed lavishly to Zanuck's grey hairs.

The past few years Richard has had things to say about films and about Hollywood life

in general that some of the wealthiest stars there would think twice about saying.

In spite of raving enthusiasm from his studio, Burton has nipped the hand that signs his cheques by saying, "I've done absolutely nothing worthwhile as an actor."

So far Burton has made four films for Hollywood. They are "My Cousin Rachel," "The Desert Rats," "The Robe" (all of which have been released in Australia), and "Prince of Players," which has not yet been released here.

Of these films he has this to say: "My Cousin Rachel"? Not impressed. "The Robe"? You can draw your own conclusions. "Prince of Players"? No comment. Maybe my next.

To act in "Alexander the Great," Burton offended a producer who claimed to have his promise to star as British air ace Douglas Bader in a screen drama of his exploits. Burton grinned calmly.

"Nowadays," was his comment, "I'm afraid of shaking hands with someone in case I'm told I've shaken hands on some deal. I've never even been shown the script of the Bader film."

But it is incidents like this which have contributed to the legend that he is "difficult."

Hollywood—even his own studio—has never been able to size Burton up. They think of him as something of an eccentric in the Marlon Brando tradition.

A London executive of his studio said: "When we want

to contact him we usually get side-tracked to his agent. But at least he is no longer saying in public that Hollywood stinks. That's something."

Burton likes arguing with his bosses. He says it makes them respect him.

"We fight about money and usually compromise," he said. "But on other things I usually win. Nobody can make an actor do something he doesn't want to do."

"In Hollywood they tell you that you owe it to yourself to own a Bentley and a swimming pool and your wife must have a mink."

"But my wife and I have worked it out that we could live quite comfortably in Hollywood on £35 sterling a week. I've other plans for the money I earn."

Indeed, Burton would qualify for the title of the miser star if one didn't know that he gives handsomely to friends and that he has the cautious respect for money which he owes to his humble beginnings.

He was the one son in a family of eleven children in the Welsh mining village of Pontrhydyfen who didn't go down the mine.

His wife, Sybil, is a childhood sweetheart from a neighboring village.

He claims that fame has made no difference to his marriage, that he is still "just hopeless without her."

His smiling, rather retiring, very pretty wife added, "I like it that way."

And she still doesn't wear mink.



WELSH ACTOR Richard Burton was well known in England but not in America when he made his Hollywood debut with Olivia de Havilland in the drama "My Cousin Rachel."



NORTH AFRICAN campaigns of World War II involved Richard Burton (second from left) as a British officer with Australian troops at Tobruk in "The Desert Rats."



SCENE from "The Robe," Fox's first CinemaScope production, with Jean Simmons as Diane and Richard Burton (right) as Marcellus, the Roman warrior turned Christian.



UNPREDICTABLE Richard Burton, sought-after star of the theatre and screen, puzzles Hollywood because he doesn't kowtow to anybody. Burton is now making a film in Spain.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1955

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Suddenly

"SUDDENLY" (United Artists), or how Frank Sinatra tries to assassinate the President of the United States, is a good little psychological thriller in the fiction-documentary manner.

It is not the fault of the star that the picture fails to make top-drawer class, for Sinatra does well with the demanding role of a neurotic killer with an itchy trigger finger.

Probably the film's failure to hold up for its entire length is due to the nature of the material which spreads the kind of excitement that has been dished up many times already.

Opening scenes show a small American township named Suddenly stirred into unaccustomed activity by the news that the President (he is unnamed and unseen

throughout) will arrive on the 5 o'clock train.

Simultaneously security arrangements swing into high gear, for it has previously been learned that an assassination attempt is likely to be made.

Dodging the security net, Sinatra and his henchmen take possession of a house overlooking the railway station, imprison the occupants—veteran James Gleason, his widowed daughter-in-law Nancy Gates, and her young son Kim Charney, as well as the local sheriff Sterling Hayden—and set up a rifle post.

It is in this house that most of the ensuing melodrama takes place as the hands of the clock turn towards the hour of five. Here, too, the audience finds the clues to the killer's mental processes which stem from his bleak childhood and slum upbringing.

In Sydney—Palace.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "A Bullet is Waiting," outdoor drama in color, starring Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun, Stephen McNally. Plus ★ "China Venture," adventure, starring Edmond O'Brien, Barry Sullivan, Jocelyn Brando.

CENTURY.—★★ "Susan Slept Here," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Debbie Reynolds, Dick Powell. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The (Little) Kidnappers," period drama, starring Adrienne Corri, Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winters. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Adventures of Hajji Baba," CinemaScope Oriental romance in color, starring John Derek, Elaine Stewart. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With The Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM.—★ "Hell Below Zero," technicolor Antarctic adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Joan Tetzl. Plus ★ "Massacre Canyon," period outdoor adventure, starring Phil Carey, Audrey Totter.

LYRIC.—"Border River," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Joel McCrea, Yvonne De Carlo. Plus "Meet Danny Wilson," musical romance, starring Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters. (Both re-releases—no reviews available.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Woman's World," technicolor CinemaScope comedy drama, starring Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Lauren Bacall. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Suddenly," crime thriller, starring Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden, Nancy Gates. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Blood Orange," thriller, starring Tom Conway, Naomi Chance.

PARIS.—★★★ "The Living Desert," Walt Disney feature-length true life adventure in technicolor. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Ring of Fear," WarnerColor CinemaScope crime melodrama, starring Clyde Beatty, Mickey Spillane, Pat O'Brien. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "White Christmas," technicolor VistaVision musical, starring Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen, Rosemary Clooney. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Three Coins In The Fountain," CinemaScope comedy romance in color, starring Clifton Webb, Jean Peters, Maggie McNamara, Dorothy Maguire. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Lost Property," French-language omnibus comedy-drama, starring Gerard Philipe, Edwige Feuillere, Pierre Brasseur, Suzy Delair. Plus ★ "Caspian Oil Men," Russian documentary.

STATE.—★ "Magnificent Obsession," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus "Black Horse Canyon," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Betrayed," World War II adventure in color, starring Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, Lori Nelson. Plus ★ "Drums Across The River," period technicolor adventure, starring Audie Murphy, Lisa Gaye.

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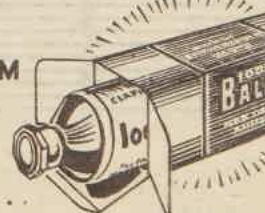
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for a run down the coast, a few hours' peace."

"Nigel, I'd love to but—"  
a slow shake of the head.

"Why not? Got something else on?"

"No, no, nothing that I couldn't put off, just a bit of shopping with Ellie Anderson."

"Why, then?"

Jenny's hands were folded primly. "Well, really, I don't think we should."

"You mean?"

"Yes. With Lillian so ill. Suppose she wanted you?"

"My dear, she hasn't wanted anything of me for years, even before she took ill. And since then I've hardly meant as much to her as her nurse. Not nearly as much as her doctor!"

"But even so . . . somehow I rather feel . . . today . . ."

He sighed. "You're right, you always are. And in any case, I shouldn't try to monopolise your blooming youth."

"Is thirty-two so blooming?"

"To fifty-eight it's the dawn." He got up and stood at the end of the sofa, his hands lightly resting on the crisp muslin of her delicious shoulder.

For just a moment she laid her cheek against it, then stood up, too. He said: "So be it. I'll trudge off to the office dutifully. But don't be surprised if I'm on your doormat again some time round about six. Will you be in by then?"

"Indeed, yes. My shopping's not so extensive!"

"Good. I'll be along, then. My wine merchant has come to light with a really excellent dry sherry and I'd like you to sample it. I thought if you approved I'd send some along . . . a little present for present needs."

"You're far too kind." Her arm in his, they strolled towards the door. "Then if you're going to your office you won't take the Tang horse with you today?"

"Ah! The Tang horse." He went over to the glass-fronted cabinet and stood before the Chinese jade carving on the shelf there: Joy and vigor and fiery maleness in seven inches of soapy polished stone. "He looks a fine fellow ramping there, doesn't he? There an-

Continuing . . .

## Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 9

cient Chinese artists knew their job, all right."

They went out to the hall. "No, I won't take it now," he said. "I'll leave it here with you until—" he looked about for his hat.

The ending was unspoken, its meaning clear; until Lillian should be no more, and Jenny Fenton should pack the Tang horse with her few possessions and move, as the second Mrs. Tait-Smith, into the house at Darling Point.

When he had gone, Jenny shut the door crisply. The expression on her face now was commensensical. It seemed to say, Ah, well! no job was easy.

There was only one way to have money without tears, and that was to be born with it.

She went into her bedroom, got a bag, put on the coat of her light spring suit, and a hat. The hat was not remarkable—a small affair of white straw that fitted her dark head closely.

A minute later she rang at the Andersons' flat across the landing. Ellie Anderson stopped her desultory dusting to open the door.

At sight of Jenny her face lit up with pleasure. "Hullo, come in." She held the door wider and Jenny went in. Ellie scanned her slowly. "Look at you! All booted and spurred, and I haven't a thing started."

"Why worry? You don't have to be one of the world's toilers."

"I don't know where the time goes." They were in the sitting-room now.

The Andersons' flat was furnished with their own brand-new furniture and the wedding presents of only six months ago. It all looked the newer for the fact that for five of those six months Mick Anderson had been up in the Northern Territory making his future more than secure in the big mining concern he worked for.

Ellie had resisted his going to the last minute. "The future! Who cares about that? With

you only twenty-seven and me twenty-two!"

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

"And anyhow, haven't I got enough money for us both?"

"Keep it, darling, and buy yourself some pretty frocks."

"To wear alone!" she had cried and burst into tears. But Mick had gone.

This morning, Ellie's sitting-room still had last night's disorder of coffee-cups, ashtrays, strewn newspapers and wilted flowers, while Ellie stood in the middle of it like a pastel-tinted wash drawing; ivory morning-gown, pale hair, pale face, her young sad mouth dabbed with pale rose lipstick.

Ellie's rebellion at Mick's going off and leaving her so soon after their marriage still spoke in her expression, even though he had been back with her again for three days now.

### SMILING

impishly, Jenny said: "I just looked in to say I took your name in vain a moment ago, Ellie."

"Me. Who to?"

"Nigel Tait-Smith. We've had a nice girlish afternoon round the shops, you and I, if you should happen to meet him this evening."

"Have we? Anything you say, darling. What are you really doing?"

"Nothing much, as you can imagine. Nigel's very nice and very good, and I'm very grateful to him, but I can't have him sitting in my pocket all the time, can I?"

"I should think not. You're too kindhearted, Jenny, that's your trouble."

"Well, poor old darling, he is rather inclined to turn up for a drink before dinner in time for five o'clock tea. Where's that handsome husband of yours this morning?"

"Out buying food. I've forgotten how to housekeep for two, and his appetite! We haven't had breakfast yet, at least he doesn't call tea and bread and butter breakfast."

Her tone was plaintive, she flicked vaguely at a table with the duster.

Jenny said: "Here, give it to me," and took it from her.

Feebly, Ellie protested. "Don't, Jenny . . . you can't . . . in that pretty light suit."

"Go and have your shower."

Ellie went into the bathroom submissively. No standing out against Jenny!

In the kitchen, Jenny slipped on an overall, washed cups and saucers, and tidied up. She whisked inside, gathered up rugs and shook them out the window. After Ellie's languor Jenny was like a dynamo.

Swish, swish, went the mop over the polished floors, the curtains stirred in her breeze, a handful of white rose petals showered on to the white bear-skin rug as she flung it down in the hall. In twenty minutes, when Ellie came in from her bath, everything was in order.

Mick came bounding up the stairs and scraped with his key in the lock as Jenny returned to the sitting-room drying her hands.

He came in on the peak of bursting health and happiness. His dark auburn hair was hatless, the suit bought for his wedding tour six months ago looked like a younger brother's on his muscular, sunburnt body.

Five months in the Territory prospecting, living under canvas, living hard, had made him seem too big for the feminine room.

"Good Lord!" he said with exaggerated wonder. "Have the cleaners been in?"

Ellie jerked a thumb at Jenny. "Her. Isn't she wonderful? Didn't I tell you?"

"She certainly is." He began to unload parcels from every finger and every pocket. "I believe I have a whole heap of things to thank you for, Jenny, while I was away."

"Hoard it up for the long winter evenings."

Jenny gathered up her bag and gloves and ran out and slammed the front door behind her.

Before the sound had died away, Mick had taken Ellie in

his arms. "It's heaven to be back with you, darling. Pure unadulterated bliss."

She echoed: "Bliss!"

He sank into a chair with her. "Didn't your friend Jenny Fenton make up for my absence?"

"She was just beginning to. If you'd stayed away another week—But really, Mick, don't you think she's wonderful?"

"H'm Very pretty."

"Pretty. That's the least of it. She's clever, she's interesting, she's—"

"Sell fifty copies and win a year's subscription."

"I'm not trying to sell her to you. You don't have to like her—if you've got such bad taste."

"Thanks a lot! There's nothing wrong with my taste," he told her, twining her arm round his neck.

"That's big talk! But I haven't forgiven you yet, for deserting me, and don't mean to, for a long time, so don't you think it. It'll take a lot of coaxing, a terrible lot of kissing."

"I'd better make a start," he murmured, his mouth on hers.

"What about that breakfast? I thought you were starving?"

"Leave it a while and call it lunch."

The sun from the open window fell across them, lighting her pale blond head and his glistening auburn one, her cream paleness and his tanned skin.

"What a shame," she mused, "that you've got a date with that old boss of yours this afternoon. We could have gone out and done something so nice."

"Darling, there's all the time there is. I'm never going away from you again."

"You'd better not. Because if you do I'll run away to South America with Vernon Walsh."

Mick held her away from him and looked at her sternly. "Who is this Vernon Walsh?"

"Oh, you know, I told you. He's a cousin or something of the Kanes, the people downstairs who look after the flats. Vernon knew Jenny in Malaya. He's cataloguing the books old

Mrs. Livingstone's husband left. He's a bit of a misfit . . ."

"And a consoler of grass widows? Is he going to South America?"

For a moment, Ellie looked absently over Mick's shoulder. Her childlike eyes seemed to hold an image unknown to him. She said: "He . . . I—he might."

Mrs. Livingstone had the flat below the Andersons and opposite that of Selma and Bernard Rickard. She lived alone, attended by her cook-maid and Campbell, her middle-aged chauffeur-manservant.

She was writing letters when Jenny dropped in there on her way downstairs. With a look of more genuine pleasure than you would have thought her lined horse face could wear, she put down her pen and glasses and got up.

"Come in, Jenny, come in, my dear. It is pleasant to see you. The hours before lunch are usually so boring, aren't they? Where are you off to?"

"Just to do a bit of not very exciting shopping. I want to buy a cool frock and some shoes."

"You look pretty enough to be setting off to meet an adoring swain."

"I'll hunt around for one."

"You hunt! They do the hunting, I'll be bound."

"I really bobbed in to ask if Vernon Walsh was here."

"Well, sit down, you don't have to rush off. No, he's not."

"Why, I thought he was always here from 10 till one? Isn't he?"

"Don't ask me. He's always here when lunch is ready and on pay day, that's all I know."

She cackled maliciously, lifted a ringed hand and straightened the iron-grey hair arrangement that looked as though it had been sculptured in one piece.

"I've got something to ask you, too."

"What?"

"Sit down, sit down, there's plenty of time." She settled Jenny in a chair, pushed a cushion behind her back, threw open a window—"That woman's got a mania for shutting out air!" tripped across

To page 47

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the room with her bustling, short-legged walk and brought a box of chocolates and put it at Jenny's elbow. "There! Come on now, let's have a nice mouthful of gossip." She drew another chair forward.

"I'm so glad you've got none of that silly cant about not saying nasty things about people. How's that young couple opposite you?"

"Very loving."

"What is he, again, an explorer, an engineer?"

"Mining, or something."

"He'll be off again, then, she needn't worry. I do pity women whose husbands come home to lunch, don't you?"

"I've no theories on that subject," Jenny said, her mouth full of chocolate. "My husband was everywhere at once, my marriage was all ups and downs."

"Poor Jenny, you must forget all that. This is such a cheerful spot. It helped me when I came here after my husband died. Down there, look—there's Lethe flowing right under our noses. That sounds like Selma Rickard, doesn't it? Always selling Bernie Life with Selma. The sunsets from their windows! The size of the rooms. The smart neighborhood!"

"Well, I suppose if you marry a man 15 years younger than yourself you haven't a lot else to sell him."

"Fifteen! Do you think she is?"

"Opinions vary from five to twenty-five. It's the chief occupation of Selma's friends, guessing Selma's age."

Their tongues wagged for a while, seated in chairs by the window between the looped velvet curtains, the warm October air, its scents and sounds floating in.

Mrs. Livingstone foiled several attempts of Jenny to leave. At last: "Well, if you must, you must. But listen, this is what I wanted to say to you. If you should happen to see that son of mine, poor fish!—are you likely to?"

"Peter?" Jenny paused, the lipstick on her full lower lip, her eyes on the old woman. "Not that I know of. Why?"

"Just if you did. A word from you goes a long way with people."

"Not with Peter, surely."

"Why not? I'm sure he admires you very much. He's all goggle-eyed when he runs across you here. Well, he's got some bee in his bonnet about me getting rid of Campbell."

"Getting rid of Campbell? What an idea?"

"Think I'm over-stuffed, I suppose. With two servants when I used to have ten. He says I should sell the car and use a hire service, as I go out so rarely. Thank you very much!" I said. "The few times I do go out I like to come home all in one piece. I wouldn't have a moment's peace with anyone but Campbell. And then all the thousand and one things he does for me, apart from driving and looking after the car. All my errands, changing my library books. He's so faithful, so many-sided, a real Admirable Crichton, Campbell, he—" she pulled herself up. A spot of color had come into each cheek.

"I'm afraid Peter and that wife of his are getting so rich with their merino flocks they're getting quite mean. And Peter, being the principal trustee, insists on dictating what I shall and shall not do with the money. And listen, Jenny—she gripped Jenny's wrist—"I'm beginning to have a suspicion that Vernon Walsh is in the conspiracy to undermine Campbell."

"Surely not. Why on earth should he?"

"Campbell has hinted that Vernon spies on him. And if I find that that is so—"

## Continuing . . . Murder and Poor Jenny

[from page 46]

Peter, the only son, had no use for such a library on his sheep station three hundred miles north of Sydney.

Vernon Walsh was a cousin of Mrs. Kane whose husband ran the flats for the owner. The Kanes lived in quarters on the ground floor, and Vernon, on his arrival from Malaya just before Jenny, had quietly insinuated himself into a corner with them down there.

The room which he now entered was overflowing with books. There were packing-cases full of them and shaky piles standing on the floor and heaped against the walls. In an island in the middle was Vernon's table with his pen and papers and, today, Walpole's Letters waiting to be listed—number of volume, condition, date of publication, etc. Vernon didn't sit down at the table but stood with his hands in his pockets looking round distastefully at the dusty disorder.

He had something of a worn and dusty look himself. His suit was shabby, the suede on his shoes rubbed. The dull brown hair on the top of his head was showing signs of wear, too, and his skin had the color of someone who is chronically tired, was pouching under the eyes from thirty-five years of trying to wrest from life what it had no intention of yielding; security without effort.

After a few minutes he turned his back on the books

and went across the hall to the living-room.

Mrs. Livingstone was at her desk writing again. She looked up. "Well, Vernon, there you are." She could put a lot of meaning into a simple phrase; this one could have had "at last!" added to it.

Vernon took no count of the implication.

"Good morning, Mrs. Livingstone," he said, and came farther in. He was rolling a cigarette between smoke-stained fingers. "Have you seen Jenny Fenton this morning? I knocked at her door, but she wasn't in."

"Yes, she was here a minute ago, you've just missed her."

"Where is she, do you know?"

"On her way into town by now. She was going to do some shopping. Anything important you want her for?"

"Oh, no, nothing . . . nothing special," Vernon said in the tone that whets another's curiosity. "I'll see her later. Absently, he felt in his pocket for matches, but didn't turn to go, though Mrs. Livingstone had taken up her pen again and was already scribbling on her page. Then he said, slowly: "By the way . . ."

"Yes, Vernon?"

"There's something I rather wonder if I ought to tell you."

She looked up quickly. "Is it about Campbell?"

"Well, yes, it is."

"Then I don't wish to hear it."

He smiled faintly. "Really? When you don't even know whether it's nice or nasty?"

"I know there are quite enough people, thank you, try-

ing to pull down Campbell. And anyhow I'm not interested in tittle-tattle, with the usual attempt to hide jealousy or ill-will under 'I think it's my duty to tell you' or 'I feel you ought to know.' I've found Campbell an excellent servant for seven—eight years and I don't intend to hear a word against him."

She was standing now, her hand on the desk trembling violently. The surge of anger had brought the color burning in her face and made her voice unsteady. It was she, oddly enough, who looked at a disadvantage, not Vernon, under her reproof.

"Quite," he said coolly, "if the subject disturbs you."

"It does, very much. You have a good job here, Vernon, and please understand that I won't have one word said in criticism of Campbell. Either to me or to my son."

"Your son?"

"Yes. Have you mentioned it to Peter? Have you? Have you? This revelation that you're so anxious to pour into my ears!"

"Look, Mrs. Livingstone, don't let us pursue the subject. It was silly of me to have opened it." He turned to go.

"It's not important. To me, I shan't be the loser by keeping silent."

He went back to the book-room and sat down at the table, but even then the volumes of Walpole were neglected. He cleared a space on the table, took from his wallet some evidently precious papers and began to go through them.

Mrs. Livingstone had been mistaken about one thing: Jenny was not at that moment on her way into town. She was in the Rickards' flat just across the landing. As she had been going towards the stairs, Bernie Rickard had darted out of his door, taken her arm and pulled her back inside with him—Selma being out, he assured her—and now she was seated on the sofa with Bernie beside her, his arms round her, his mouth on hers in one of his long, hot, greedy kisses.

When the kiss ended, Bernie said, returning to the subject like a spoilt child. "But, darling, why won't you spend this afternoon with me?"

"I told you why, Bernie."

"You bleated something about Selma, but I told you that she's got several appointments, with dressmakers and people, and she can't expect me to sit around twiddling my thumbs while she's mucking about in fitting parlors."

Jenny sat closer, took his hand between hers, softening the firmness of her refusal. "It's not only Selma, Bernie, pet. I've got an awful afternoon myself, shopping and things."

"Shopping? Nuts to that! That'll wait. It's such a chance. Do say yes, Jen. A long afternoon together!"

"I can't, darling."

"You must. Oh! Jenny, you can't think how miserable I am, only seeing you in snatches like this. At night I lie here not able to sleep, wondering what you're doing up there."

"Doing? Probably playing cribbage with Ellie Anderson or cooking a snack for my solitary supper. That's about all I'll be doing, you can bet your boots on that."

"I lie there in the dark, hearing cars and taxis coming and going and wondering if you're in one of them. Just this ceiling between us and you might be a thousand miles away."

"But I'm not, I'm not. I'm right there alone, wishing just as much as you that you could be there with me."

"H'm." His handsome, sulky face looked doubtful. "One of

starfish on the primrose tweed of the sofa, a big expensive man in a big expensive room.

Both had cost Selma Rickards a packet. The decorating had been easy to pay for. The receipts were neatly folded away in the Queen Anne desk. But for Bernie, Selma went on paying, daily, hourly, in watchfulness, anxiety, and unreturned devotion; Bernie with his dark curling hair and tall broad-shouldered figure that remained athletic looking though he never did anything much more active than sit at the wheel of a big car, cursing the other motorists on the road.

Jenny said, coming back to the sofa: "Give me a cigarette, darling." He took out Selma's last birthday present and lighted cigarettes for them both. "You know we can't do anything silly. Oh, Bernie, you must know how miserable it is for me, too."

She shook her head, looking through the spiral of smoke with that rueful sweetness that was one of her most enchanting expressions. "What could we do? With neither of us with a penny to rattle together. Can you earn money?"

"I don't know. Haven't actually ever tried."

She burst out laughing. "Then picture it, sweet! A

To page 49

## Special, Greaseless Corrective for OILY SKIN, BLACKHEADS, FLAKINESS

A girl's complexion is often her own worst enemy. Especially in the teens—just when parties and "dates" are so important.

All at once, the oil glands begin to over-work. Then, your skin grows too sluggish to get rid of its day-to-day

accumulation of dead skin cells. So, the dead skin flakes build into a greasy layer and "choke" the pore openings.

Your skin grows "muddy". Pores begin to enlarge. Soon—blackheads are apt to start cropping out. Don't let this happen to you!



Remarkable "YOUNG SKIN" Treatment for a clearer, brighter, cleaner look

NOW—the makers of Pond's Creams have developed a special greaseless treatment for these 4 major "Young Skin" problems: oiliness, large pores, blackheads, flakiness. It takes just one minute a day. And it works!

Give your skin this effective treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream every night. Cover your face lavishly, except eyes, with the cool, greaseless Cream. Leave on a full minute.

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up. For a greaseless foundation that protects as it flatters—smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder.

The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens stubborn dead skin flakes that cling to the skin's surface . . . dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally.

After 60 seconds, wipe off. Rinse with cold water. Now—see the beginning of your "new" look! Greasiness is gone. Your skin feels so clean. Your colour looks brighter, clearer!

PY44

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# Short cuts to cut lunches!

On the opposite page you'll find 48 quick-and-easy ideas for delicious sandwiches. Based on protein-rich Kraft Cheddar, these fillings bring plenty of variety to cut lunches — and make sure that your children receive the proper nourishment

so vital at midday. Kraft Cheddar is perfect for all kinds of sandwiches because it *stays fresh* — right to the last delicious slice. All kiddies love that mild, true-cheddar flavour, and they'll enjoy every one of these tasty sandwich fillings.



Give all your sandwiches the  
golden touch with nourishing  
**KRAFT CHEDDAR**

You can make all your sandwiches really high in food value when you include Kraft Cheddar. Richer in strengthening protein than sirloin beef, Kraft Cheddar also gives you valuable milk minerals you won't find in meat — plus vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D. It takes a gallon of milk to make a pound of Kraft Cheddar — that's a real bargain in nutrition! And there are other

good reasons *why* Kraft Cheddar is best cheese value . . . there's no rind, so no waste . . . the flavour never varies . . . Kraft Cheddar slices easily without crumbling . . . it's foil-wrapped to stay fresh . . . and processed and pasteurised for purity. Kraft Cheddar is available in the new 1-oz. portion, the blue 8-oz. packet, the family-size 2-lb. pack or from the economical 5-lb. loaf.





# Keep this handy guide in your kitchen for delicious Nourishing Sandwiches that are different...

Cooked crumbled bacon, grated Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar, tomato sauce and shredded lettuce.

Peanut butter, marmalade and grated Kraft Cheddar.

Drained mashed pineapple, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar, chopped celery and Bonox.

Chopped walnuts, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with plum or apricot jam.

Sardines mashed with grated Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.

Baked beans and grated Kraft Cheddar.

Peanut butter, Kraft Cheddar and chopped celery.

Sliced tomato, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Chopped raisins, Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.

Grated Kraft Cheddar with minced left-over meat moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated Kraft Cheddar, add 1 teaspoon Vegemite and use with shredded lettuce.

Rye bread with grated Kraft Cheddar, chopped nuts and dates.

Mashed banana, grated Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar, tomato, shredded lettuce and Vegemite.

Scrambled egg, chopped parsley and grated Kraft Cheddar.

Grated carrot, chopped celery and Bonox with sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced cold meat, grated Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Crab-apple jelly, grated Kraft Cheddar and sultanas.

Grated raw apple, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.

Crisp rolls, with sliced Kraft Cheddar, tomato sauce and a sausage.

Kraft Cheddar and sliced stewed prunes.

Kraft Cheddar, with tinned spaghetti in tomato sauce.

Kraft Cheddar with orange and onion salad, moistened with vinegar.

Kraft Cheddar, sliced Wham and chopped gherkin.

Peanut butter, chopped raisins and grated Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced cold rabbit, grated Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Grated Kraft Cheddar and cold stewed rhubarb.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar, cooked peas and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar with cold hamburger or meat loaf and Worcestershire sauce.

Grated Kraft Cheddar with tinned sweetcorn.

Sliced cucumber moistened with vinegar and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Kraft Cheddar, shredded raw cabbage and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced dried figs.

Scrambled egg, grilled bacon and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced ham, sliced Kraft Cheddar and shredded lettuce.

Grated dark chocolate with grated Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced pickled beetroot, Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Grated carrot, chopped raisins and Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar and thinly sliced crystallised ginger.

Kraft Cheddar, Fish Supreme and celery.

Sliced cold pork with seasoning and Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced tinned pears, Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar and tinned asparagus.

Mashed cooked parsnip and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced raw or tinned apricots with grated Kraft Cheddar.

## KRAFT FOODS

for delicious nourishing sandwiches

KFC511

## Murder and Poor Jenny

Continuing . . . .

from page 47

room at the Cross with furniture of three-ply and cretonne, stale salami, and Empire burgundy, a bath in a basin." Bernie guffawed. "Lay it on!"

"Well, I must. If it's only to open your baby eyes. Kiss me again, my poor little rich boy. Be content to exercise the talents you undoubtedly possess!"

When Selma came in, Bernie and Jenny, the coffee-table between them, were sipping a sedate sherry.

Laden with parcels and a great bunch of scarlet japonica, Selma came forward, all smiles and gaiety. "Hullo, Jenny. You two drinking? Good. Just what I'm panting for. That infernal drier! I thought I'd never get away."

"The result's lovely, Selma," Jenny said.

"Rather good, isn't it? I had a different girl this morning." She turned her head to show her new hair-do, her smooth cheek and glistening brows with a new facial. "Do you like me, Bernie?"

"Yes, fine. You always look wonderful, Sel, I think."

She laughed, tossed her bag and gloves on to a chair and took the drink he brought over to her.

Selma Rickard struck a note a little too vivacious, the effortless high spirits of youth. She'd "kept" her figure, "kept" her hair glossy and dark, except for one platinum band from brow to crown. She kept her wardrobe full of dresses that made other women look like victims of the little dress-maker round the corner.

Perching lightly on the arm of Bernie's chair, her elbow on his shoulder, she sipped her drink and chatted away with Jenny.

When Jenny had taken herself off, her merry smile, her delicious scent, a silence fell on the room. Selma's glance lifted uneasily to Bernie as he came back from the door. The expression of his heavy face was absent.

She gathered up her parcels and flowers. "Look, darling," she said brightly, "would you like it if I didn't go for my fittings this afternoon?"

"Eh?" He was pouring himself another drink.

"How say we go out somewhere? Take a run out into the country."

"Not much to when we get there, is there?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's lovely this weather. We'll see the wildflowers. And didn't you want to have a look at that house that Geoff's

building at Springwood?"

"Not particularly. No, you'd better keep your appointments, you'll only be sorry if you put them off."

"Then what'll you do with yourself all the afternoon?"

"I'll muck about, don't you worry. Might play a round of golf."

"Anyhow, we'll go out first and have a really nice lunch."

Bernie murmured: "Good," and again, "Good . . ." as Selma went into the bedroom.

Jenny's last visit before leaving Arlington Court was to the Kanes. Stepping behind the reception desk she knocked at their flat door.

Kane called: "Come in." He was in the small room, half office, half sitting-room, retaping a venetian blind.

Jenny said, standing in the doorway: "Mr Kane, are you going to turn me out?"

"What's that?" He dropped the roll of tape and came towards her. His raw-boned face grew almost pleasant at sight of her.

"I mean, aren't I a whole ten days late with my rent cheque?"

"Well, now," Roger Kane made a pretence of looking at the calendar on the wall. "It was due on the eleventh, but that's nothing to worry about."

"And if it was, I don't believe I could raise the ghost of a care!"

"Good for you."

"It's so marvellous to be here."

"You like it, do you?"

"Like it! When I first got here I thought—I really did—I thought I was in heaven. The peace, the beauty! And you and Mrs. Kane looking after one so wonderfully."

"We don't do anything much." But Kane looked as though he was under a warm shower.

"How is Mrs. Kane today?" Jenny asked.

"Pretty cheap, thanks."

"Don't say she's got another of those headaches?"

"She has. I made her lie down after breakfast."

"Could I go in and have a word with her?"

The bedroom that Jenny entered was darkened. Mrs. Kane, fully dressed, was lying on the bed in an atmosphere of suffering and eau-de-Cologne. An untouched cup of tea and her thick-lensed glasses were on the bedside-table. She groped for them.

Jenny said, hurrying forward

and taking her hand: "No, don't move, don't sit up. I know what an agony it is to move. You poor thing! I am so sorry. I've brought you some of those headache 'caches' I told you about that I used to take. Some water? Here it is. Take one now and then another in three hours' time."

Mrs. Kane allowed herself to be doctored and comforted; and somehow it seemed, when Jenny left her, that the tortured forehead had smoothed and the thin body lay more restfully on the bed.

Jenny put her head back into the office. "By the way, does the window-cleaner come this afternoon?"

"No, Mrs. Fenton, not today. The electrician's coming to put in a new hanging cord for the light in the hall. At least he said he was. You can never depend on these fellows."

"That's all right then. Good-bye, Mr. Kane. I'll let you have that cheque in the morning. Some of my dividends are being paid in today."

She was gone; across the lobby, through the glass doors, out into the white sunshine on the steps. To her raised hand a taxi responded with a sweeping turn and drew up with a flourish at her feet.

Peter Livingstone was waiting for Jenny in the first-floor lounge of the hotel where he was staying. He came forward so tensely—his eyes had burned the entrance for the last twenty minutes—that she said: "I'm not late, am I?"

"Jenny . . . no, darling, you're not late." He took her hand and held it. "It's only that when you're coming to meet me I get so worked up I—I just can't believe it's going to happen."

"Silly little Peter!" she murmured, lifting her eyes tenderly to his fair sun-browned face that looked more like a poet's than a sheepman's, to the gold sunburnt hair.

"But I am late," she said; "I'm so sorry, darling, ten minutes at least. I got caught up over a couple of things before I left home. Ellie Anderson needed some help and then I was talking to Campbell—he's going to re-pot my plants—and I had to arrange with him to leave my key on the landing window-sill—and that poor Mrs. Kane had another gruesome headache."

They sat down at a table as

To page 50

## IRON-ON TRANSFER



THIS fascinating 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 5in. iron-on transfer sheet (No. 1005) features two frisky elephants and three Mexican designs in color to simulate hand embroidery. You simply iron them on any selected article, like the tea-towel (below) and this small girl's frock, for which a pattern is available from our Needlework Department.



PATTERN (above) for a small girl's frock (sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years) costs 1/6. The color-fast, iron-on transfer sheet costs 2/-. Pattern and transfer sheet (No. 1005) complete may be had for 3/6. See address, page 61.



far as possible from the other before-luncheon drinkers.

Peter gave the waiter an order, then began telling her in a stream of words that seemed to have been waiting to pour from his lips how much he loved her; how nothing meant anything without her; how this was the first time in all his life . . . And, Jenny, Jenny, how beautiful she was. And of the torture of jealousy of even her past life in Malaya before they'd met. This fellow Vernon, and that lounge lizard Rickard, and old Tait-Smith. What was he always hanging around her for? Everyone who set eyes on her must want her, that was obvious . . . This lasted till the waiter brought their drinks.

Alone again, Peter reached into his pocket for cigarettes, fumbled there absently, and then seemed to remember something. "Oh, before I forget." He drew out a slip of paper and slipped it under her bag on the table. "It's only that I paid a little something into your bank this morning."

"Peter!"

"Now don't say anything, darling."

She took up the pay-in slip and glanced at it. "A little something? Five hundred pounds! Oh, Peter, I can't possibly let you go on doing this."

"Stop, stop, stop! How can you talk about money between us! Can you imagine I could possibly have a moment's happiness thinking that you might be short of money? Wanting things, wondering how you were to pay your bills, while I—Don't speak about it, Jenny. I can't bear it, really I can't, darling." And when she tried again to protest he crumpled the bit of paper and pushed it into her bag.

"You're going to stay with me the whole of this afternoon, aren't you?"

"Peter . . . we can't."

"Oh, Jenny!"

"It's all so frightfully dangerous, our love. One dares a little more and a little more, and then at last somebody sees us and starts to talk and the whole thing gets known."

Continuing . . .

## Murder and Poor Jenny

(from page 49)

"Who talks? What nonsense. Now listen—"

"Darling, we met too late. I can't—I won't bring unhappiness into your home, to your wife, your children. We must think of them." All tender renunciation was her expression, her eyes were misted between the long dark lashes, the smile in them gone, like the light veiled on an afternoon sea.

Contrary to belief, the coming event at Arlington Court cast no shadow before it. Round about five-thirty on that October afternoon, the place looked almost unbelievably shadowless. The rectangular lines of the building, the unstained whiteness of its facade, suggested a rectitude that must govern the lives of even those within.

Just at this time, Jenny Fenton was standing on the steps of Arlington Court. Without apparent eagerness, she was glancing up and down the road. The lengthening sunrays lighted her shapely though not very slender figure and her dark head, hatless now. Presently a paper-boy turned the corner on his bicycle, zigzagging down the steep hill, braking with his foot. Jenny beckoned him. He stopped and she bought a paper and paid him with the pennies she had ready in her hand.

When he had gone she didn't go in but lingered to open the paper and scan the headlines.

While she was still standing there a car came down the road, the Rickards' car. Bernie was alone in it. He saw Jenny at the top of the half-dozen steps and lifted a hand to her. The car slid down the ramp, a door slammed, and in a minute Bernie came running up.

"Jen, where are you going?"

"Nowhere, I just came down to get a paper."

She turned back and he followed at her heels, walking, as he always did, as close to her as he dared. At the desk she paused and slithered off it a big parcel that lay there.

Bernie reached out and took

it from her. "Here, give that to me."

They went slowly up the stairs, up the first flight. She asked: "Selma home?"

"I wouldn't think so," he murmured. "She had a full programme when I left her after lunch."

"You'd better not come up. If she's in she may have heard the car."

"You can't lug this great thing up alone. What is it, lead?"

They went on to the top floor and Jenny opened her door. "Thanks, Bernie." She turned to take the parcel.

"I suppose I can come in and put it on the table for you?" he said in an injured tone.

### B

ERNIE came in and shut the door behind him, quietly, as Jenny went ahead. He put the parcel down in the hall and followed her into the sitting-room. "One kiss." He pulled her into his arms and took it. "And one cocktail."

"No, darling, Selma might be home. You'd better go down and have your drink with her." Sulkily, he released her. "Your discretion's getting me down."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I promised I'd lend Selma a new book on Contract. Where did I put it again? On the table by my bed, I think." She went out, crossed the hall and entered the bedroom. She went round the end of the bed to reach the table. That was as far she got.

Lying on the floor between the bed and the wall was the body of a man, the body of Vernon Walsh.

Jenny screamed.

But after that one short scream, when Bernie ran in and stooped over the body, lifted the cold hand and turned back the eyelids, stood up, white-face and staring, their voices dropped almost to a whisper.

"Dead! He's dead."

"What? It can't be, it can't be. How, how?" She leant over to look down at the figure lying in the shadow, an end of the bedspread across his knees, his head turned slightly aside, his arms flung wide.

Bernie pointed. "You don't need to ask how?"

And she didn't. You could see, even in that dim light. "Oh, Bernie, Bernie! Poor Vernon!"

"A great crack on the temple."

Jenny said: "Killed in here! In my room! Bernie, what am I going to do?"

"How did he get in here?"

"My key, I suppose. It was on the window-sill, out on the landing."

"What was it doing there?"

"Campbell. I gave it to him, I told him to leave it there after he'd re-potted my plants."

Jenny turned away. She walked over to the dressing-table and leant her two hands on its top and looked at herself searchingly in the glass, and then past her own reflection at Bernie, a long glance that searched him, too, and never wavered back to the figure on the floor.

She said slowly: "The trouble is, that what I was doing while poor Vernon was getting killed in here, no one is going to believe."

At her words Bernie wheeled round and looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"No one. No one. Who would? I was alone, wholly and utterly alone, the whole live-long afternoon from two o'clock till after five."

He came right across the room, and his two hands on her shoulders pulled her round to face him. "I don't understand. How—where—where were you?"

"All by myself at Watson's Bay, having a nice afternoon with the ocean."

"Jenny! But—"

He swung away from her.

"Where's that drink?"

A minute later, two strong drinks stood in the glasses and soda splashed into each.

Standing at the kitchen table, Jenny lifted hers and pushed it towards him. "I'm going to need this," she said, "and anything else you can suggest, when the police come in here and start to shoot off questions."

"You're not afraid they'll suspect—"

"Look, darling, you've led a very sheltered existence, God bless you. How lucky you are! But I know that everyone must be afraid when they face the police, wherever they come. I'll never forget that time out in Malaya. You'd have thought we were all guilty of shooting my husband, poor George, when the bandits got him, though everyone knew from the start it was a political affair."

"Your husband?" he said slowly. "I always forget you had a husband."

"Two," she murmured, setting the ice in her glass, sadly chiming: "Two. The first when I was sixteen. The juggler in the troupe I went out East with, he was. The Japs got him."

"Poor little Jenny . . . But, darling, why did you spend your afternoon in such a—well, to say the least of it—such an unlikely way?"

"There! See? You're starting already, throwing a sort of doubt on me."

"Me doubt you? Don't be silly. No, what I mean is, you told me you had a full afternoon ahead of you, with shopping and things, and couldn't spend it with me."

"I know, Bernie, that was true—then. But you know what I am. Always thinking about you and yet afraid I'll land you in a whole heap of trouble with Selma if—if we take too many risks."

"I know what you are," he nodded. "I know, Jen," and swallowed down his drink and poured another.

"So when I'd been to a couple of shops and had a bite of lunch standing up at a milk bar, I began thinking about our problem—would I do as you wanted me to—go off with

you, that room at the Cross, my pet! struggle and hardship—or would I clear out alone and leave you safe and sound to forget me. Anyhow, I lost interest in shopping for white shoes. I just felt I must get away somewhere quiet and think it over. So I got on to a tram—"

"A tram?" he echoed. "Why didn't you take a taxi? At least the driver could've—"

"Don't be silly, Bernie. I'm not so flush that I can hop into a taxi every time I put my foot over the door."

"You're not economising over silly little sums like that?"

"It's well for you to talk!" Her tone was dry. "Little sums mount up. Taxis are taxis, and you can't pick them up in the street on tick. Anyhow, I had a parsimonious moment. I was in King Street only a step from where the tram starts and I hopped on."

Bernie commiserated: "Well, for heaven's sake! Drooling along all through Rose Bay, Vaucluse. Well, go on."

"There's nothing to go on. When I got there I got off the tram and walked along to one of the seats on the bluff, or whatever you call it. The breeze was cool . . . cool, cool . . . great rollers were coming in, and gradually I sort of relaxed. I can't say I solved our problem, Bernie, darling, just thought, all the same in a hundred years! Nothing very original, but I felt a whole lot better when I got up and started to come home."

"Another tram, eh?"

"Alas! I was quite surprised to find it was nearly half-past five when I got here. I came upstairs, went into the sitting-room and threw off my hat and coat. Then I thought I should've brought in an afternoon paper, and I took the pennies and ran down again and along you came." The worried glance went up to his, the red lips trembled to a close.

Slowly, Bernie shook his head. He put down his empty glass and roamed for a minute, stubbed his cigarette, drummed on the bench. Then he came

To page 53



# DANGER!

Flies carry disease . . .

Flies leave dirt and germs wherever they go. That is why Health Authorities have issued the warning that

flies should be killed as soon as they appear.

Unless you do this, a fly-polluted rattle, toy or spoon may reach your baby's mouth. Your children may eat from plates that have been contaminated by flies. Don't take these alarming risks. Keep your Mortein spray handy and use it every time flies invade your home. Mortein kills flies before they have the slightest chance to do their loathsome work. Mortein is the most wonderful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Safeguard the health of your family with Mortein.



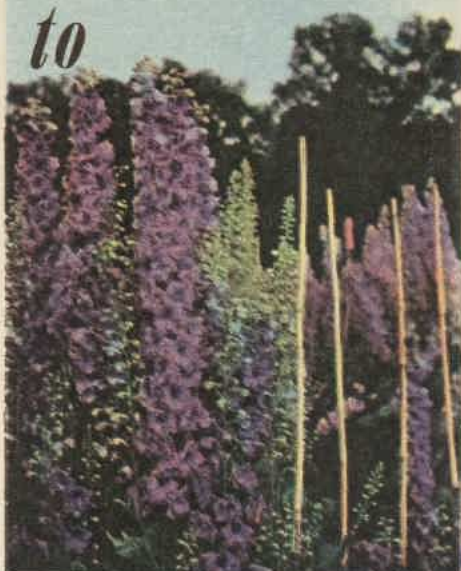
Insist on Mortein and get SURE protection against disease-carrying flies



# FEBRUARY

*is the time to*

*... prepare for summer flowering favorites like hollyhocks and delphiniums ... attend to your citrus trees ... and make sure of a new season's supply of onions.*



WITH schooldays starting, and the summer holidays over, the gardener has time to spend in the garden. There are many jobs to be done. Here are the main ones for this month:

## • Collect delphinium seed.

Inspect your favorite delphinium plants, which should by now be ripening their seed in the oddly shaped seed heads.

When quite ripe the heads split suddenly, dropping their seeds, so a careful watch must be kept.

Delphiniums are easy to raise from seed, provided it is fresh. You should collect your seed from specially selected plants.

Because the seed does not retain its viability for long, it should be sown as soon as possible after gathering.

If a delay is unavoidable, store the seed in an air-tight packet or a well-sealed jar. It will then keep for a few weeks.

Seed sown in February and March will produce plants ready for transplanting in spring, and they will bloom in January.

Sow in a well-drained seed-box filled with a mixture of two parts garden loam and one part sand.

Firm the earth down well and put the seed in shallow drills scratched over the surface with a stick.

Cover with a thin layer of the soil mixture which has been well sieved. Water with a fine spray.

## • Look to your citrus.

In fairly warm climates citrus may be planted in February. Choose well-prepared soil and dig holes eight to nine inches deep, with the bottoms flat or slightly conical.

Take care that the roots do not dry out while preparations are being made. Keep young trees which are waiting to be planted under sacking and in shade.

Place the plant in position and spread the roots. Then fill in the hole with fine top soil. Do not plant deeper than they were in the nursery.

Tread around them firmly

and give each at least two gallons of water.

This is a good month to manure established trees.

For a small tree use 2lb. of blood and bone, or 1½ to 3lb. of citrus fertiliser mixtures, or 1lb. of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda.

For large trees increase the quantity to 5 to 8lb. of blood and bone, or 8lb. to 10lb. of citrus mixtures, or 2 to 3lb.

## GARDENING

of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda.

Examine citrus trees closely for the young crawlers of red wax scale, which will be seen as little more than tiny light colored specks on the leaves.

They are easiest to control when very small, so don't delay.

Spray with an oil emulsion, using ½ pint of white oil to four gallons of water, or use at half strength, i.e., eight fluid oz. in four gallons of water, and apply twice at an interval of two days.



**HOLLYHOCKS** are spectacular when grown in clumps against a dark background of shrubs.

## • Find a place to put hollyhocks.

Though really a perennial, hollyhocks do best if treated as an annual in Australia. Old plants are subject to a disfiguring disease called rust.

They will grow in almost any soil, but do best if in

**DELPHINIUM** spears make a wonderful background to a garden bed. The big soft blue tonings are a foil to the more usual pink shades in the garden.

deep, rich, and well-drained soil.

Seed can be sown in early autumn. The plants raised will flower the following summer.

Seedlings can be raised in a seed-box if desired, but satisfactory results will generally be obtained if seed is sown in the permanent position, provided the soil has been well prepared.

Whatever the method used, plant them out 21 to 24 inches apart.

Chaters Prize, which has double flowers, is a well-known strain of seed. Double Imperator and Double Triumph are also very fine.

## • Prepare for bulbs.

Dig the soil deeply where bulbs are to be planted. Add as much compost and old animal manure as can be spared.

## • Sow early onions.

February is an ideal month for the white varieties, Early Barletta, White Queen, White Globe, Early Flat, White, and Silver-skin.

Because weeds are the greatest limiting factor in establishing onions, it is recommended that the seed be sown in a seed-box.

They are also susceptible to acid soil. Prepare the permanent bed now by digging the soil and liming it, allowing about ½ lb. per square yard.

Seedlings are ready for transplanting when four to six inches high, and when the stems are the thickness of a lead pencil. To facilitate handling, tops may be cut back to within an inch of the crown and the roots trimmed to about ½-inch.

They should be planted in drills 12 to 15 inches apart, beneath which a band of complete fertiliser mixture has been placed, using 1 to 2oz. per linear yard.

Space the plants six inches apart and plant shallow so that soil covers only roots and base of bulb. Onions must have plenty of water.

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back. "Yes, I see. It's not very convincing. No. A girl like you sitting around at the top of Watson's Bay, all alone, all that time, looking at the sea!"

"No," she echoed mournfully on the same note. "You can't tell me! The police seize on the first unlikely point and tease it till it falls apart, however true."

"Well, darling, if you take my advice you won't even try to make them believe it."

Her eyes flew wide. "What do you mean?"

"You told me this morning you were going shopping, you probably mentioned it to more than one. Well, stick to it, tell the police that you went shopping and didn't get back till a few minutes before you met me below, just now."

"But, Bernie—"

"You bought shoes, gloves, you bought this, you bought that. A woman's shopping tour. They'll never question that."

"No, not if I was just one of many. But Vernon Walsh is dead, in there, in my bedroom. The spotlight's full on me. What'll they do? Ask for some of the docket of the things I bought." She spread her hands, her face distracted.

"You threw them away."

"Want to talk to some of the girls that served me."

"You didn't particularly notice them."

"Come off it, Bernie. I've got an account at several of the shops, I mostly enter what I buy. Where's the record of one thing? Where's one person who talked to me all the whole afternoon? Oh, no, no, no." She shook her head, too.

"No, Bernie, I'd rather tell the truth and at least feel secure in what I'm saying, even if no one believes me. I couldn't stand the strain of having the police sift and probe, make me contradict myself, perhaps, and then when they find a weakness in my story begin to look for a motive for me to have killed Vernon."

"They couldn't find one, could they? How well did you know him in Malaya?"

"Oh, you know . . . everyone knows everyone in the same district out there. I always liked

Continuing . . .

## Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 50

him, poor fellow, but when I landed in Sydney and ran into him one day in the street and told him I'd just managed to get a flat at Arlington Court and he said, 'Good Lord! Roger Kane—who runs the place—he's married to my cousin, I'm dosing with them there at the moment,' well, I wasn't very pleased. He was a kind of reminder of all I'd been through. But as for any—anything between us, anything at all—not a thing, not a thing."

She picked up the glasses, washed and dried them, and put the whisky bottle back in the cupboard. Now she was standing close to him again. "However, there's one thing, darling, I'm in this alone."

"What?"

"You know quite well that from the first moment we met, when we first knew we loved each other, I've been trying to protect you from trouble. I shouldn't have let you persuade Selma to take that flat below. I should have known we'd get too involved."

"She didn't know it was because of you. She didn't know of your existence. She wasn't at that party of the Abbotts' where we met, you remember."

"Well, I don't want you to find trouble now. You creep out, go home. No one saw us meet, there wasn't a soul about. Or if they did they can't possibly know that you didn't go straight into your own place. I'll give you a few minutes and then I'll—I'll come running out for help. I'll run into the Andersons' or Mrs. Livingstone's."

Bernie moved uneasily from foot to foot. "But look, I—I can't do that. I can't go off and leave you. Somebody's got to help you."

"Who can? No, you go, darling, do go . . ." She put a hand up and ran it through his crisp curling hair, then drew his head down to hers and laid her mouth on his . . . a clinging kiss evoking no less rapture because it was like a long mournful farewell.

"Go," she had said; arms, her soft cheek, mouth, the scent of her hair made nonsense of her command.

His arms tightened round her. "I'm not going," he said. "I'm going to stay right here till we've thought up something that'll make it safe for you."

A long sigh escaped her. The expression in her eyes as she leant her head against his shoulder was hidden from Bernie.

It was Campbell who finally telephoned, the police after Jenny and Bernie, as though hot-foot from the discovery of Vernon Walsh's body, gave the alarm. It was Campbell who telephoned Peter Living-

Father, Mother, and me,  
Sister and Auntie say  
All the people like us are We,  
And everyone else is They.

—Kipling

stone's hotel, and, not finding him there, left a message to say that his mother urgently wished to see him.

It was Campbell who ran down and informed Mr. Kane of the tragedy and sped up again and pulled shut the door of Jenny's flat, with proper regard for the necessities of a police inquiry. It was Campbell who, seeing Nigel Tait-Smith jauntily making for the top floor, a bottle of that precious dry sherry under each arm, beckoned him into Mrs. Livingstone's hall and broke the news to him with just the right mixture of concern and detachment.

Tait-Smith went on his way upstairs and joined Jenny in with Mick and Ellie Anderson. The door of Jenny's flat was no longer shut, and he paused before going in opposite, seeing

across the hall in her pretty welcoming sitting-room men in shirt sleeves coolly, brashly, hardily in possession.

He said aloud: "Well, well!" and turned his back on the sight.

Jenny's bedroom was a scene of even greater activity. Vernon still lay there, in much the same position, but since he had been examined, chalked, measured, finger-printed, photographed from every angle, subjected to so many rites by so many different experts he had begun to look rather less like a victim of human passion than an exhibit in a museum.

On the dressing-table, Jenny's toilet things had been pushed aside, and spread out there instead were the contents of Vernon's pockets. Now, the glass reflected not Jenny's ripe loveliness but the heavy square figure and glossy black head of Detective-Inspector Grogan as he bent over Vernon's belongings.

Two envelopes were what the inspector chose first for his attention. One a square blue envelope, thick, good paper, not addressed, not sealed; the other addressed—to the dead man—sealed and torn open. No stamp or postmark on it, though. Hand-delivered, evidently. He turned them and their contents over to Ern for finger-printing.

Here the doctor stood up and announced that he thought the man had been dead since about three o'clock that afternoon—temporal fracture of the skull—extensive cerebral haemorrhage—death probably instantaneous. He snapped shut his bag and walked briskly from the room.

Grogan thought that a "blunt instrument" on a thin skull was just about the most inconsiderate way of knocking off a bloke a detective ever ran across . . . A swipe with that heavy hand-mirror, one of those silver candlesticks, that modernistic metal lamp—a million to one there'd be no trace on anything now.

From one of the deceased's outside coat pockets had come a book. Old binding of brown leather. Grogan turned it over, opened it. A bookplate inside: Ex Libris Godfrey George Livingstone. "The Golden Asse" by Apuleius. A classic, eh?

For the rest, a wallet, a bit of loose silver, ready-rubbed tobacco, tissues and matches, a fountain pen, a stump of pencil. Nothing, Grogan thought, that looked like he had expensive tastes.

Here, Detective-Sergeant Manning mentioned a few white hairs on the back of the corpse's coat. Grogan asked, short or long? And the sergeant told him, short.

A few minutes later the inspector went through to the sitting-room and found Roger Kane waiting for him.

"You wanted to see me? Name's Kane."

"That's right. You're the caretaker, aren't you?"

"I am. The caretaker."

Hands in pockets, Grogan's light footstep took him up and down the room a couple of times. "Nasty sort of thing to have happened in a nicely run place like this, Mr. Kane," he said. "Everything so orderly like. How many flats now are there in the building?"

Kane told him and gave him a brief sketch of the people on each floor, their length of tenancy, the rents they paid—high, but not extortionate, as was so usual these days—their habits, such as he knew of them, their way of life.

Grogan said: "The deceased was a relative of yours, was he?"

"Of my wife's. Her cousin."

"And he lodged with you?"

"Well . . . he was occupying a bed in a room at the back, off the garden, just at the moment."

"Where did he come from?"

"Malaya. He'd been out there for some years, clerk on a rubber plantation. He didn't do too well, never seems to have saved any money, anyhow. He landed up in Sydney about

three months ago. I was up at Orange, my mother had just died there, and my wife took him in and told him he could stop here till he got on his feet."

"You had no objections?"

"No, it made no difference to me. As a matter of fact, I got him a kind of job with the old lady on the next floor." He outlined Vernon's job with Mrs. Livingstone.

"What sort of company did he keep?"

"Company? Oh . . . he was on friendly terms with the half-dozen or so people in the building."

"I see. Dropped in to have a cup o' tea and a bit of a chin-wag with 'em. But friends outside, now?"

"None, I'd say. I never knew anybody ask for him. I can't think of any enemies he'd be likely to have. He didn't go out much, seemed satisfied to sit and chat with my wife in the evenings. He seemed rather run down, not much energy. From the heat in the East, I expect. He was leaving for Melbourne shortly for a holiday, to a sister down there."

Grogan asked: "When did you see him last?"

"Hard to say. He came and went. I scarcely noticed him. Some time this morning, I suppose. I was out most of the afternoon, if that's what you mean. I went in to town to shop, to buy some cooked food, to save my wife cooking for a day or so."

"Is she ill?"

"No, but she had a bad headache."

"Suffers from them, does she?"

"She has for the past few months. Just before lunch Mrs. Fenton kindly looked in and gave her some sort of a sedative and she slept soundly, she tells me, till about five."

"Then there wouldn't be anyone at that desk downstairs to be able to say who came and went during the afternoon?"

"No. Actually there's no need for anyone to be there. There's a bell for anyone to ring. The only person that I know was here this afternoon was an electrician from the

To page 54

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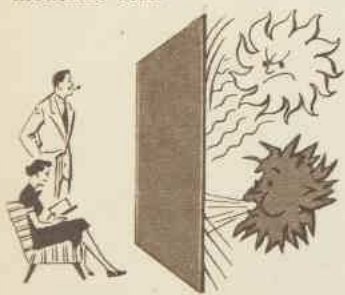
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## Murder and Poor Jenny

Continuing . . . .

[from page 53]

shop down the road to renew the light cord in the hall."

"What about the people on this floor?"

"Out this afternoon, I think. I happened to notice them leave the building round about midday."

Grogan turned away and walked again across the room. He moved slowly, with the apparent timelessness of the detective that makes the brisk businessman feel that he has stepped into a slow-motion picture. He picked up and admired a turquoise box on the table, inspected a Braque print on the wall, the view across the bay from the window, while Kane waited, stiff and correct.

Then the inspector came back. "Now look, Mr. Kane, you say this feller Walsh was hard up."

"Very. He never paid us a penny. He was always talking about his poverty."

"Now that's funny. That doesn't square up with all the money he had on him."

"What money?" Kane's tone was sharp.

"Two hundred pounds in ten-pound notes in an envelope."

"Two hundred pounds?" "That's right. Any idea how he came by it?"

"None."

"Did he gamble?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"And that's the least of it. In another envelope there was a cheque for four hundred and fifty pounds, Nigel Tait-Smith's cheque."

Kane fell back a step.

"What's that you say? Mr. Tait-Smith giving Vernon four hundred and fifty pounds?"

"What in heaven's name? This is this is—"

He did move now. Jerkily, he walked over to the mantelpiece and leant on it, stared into the glass there at himself, as though posing himself the question, and, finding no answer, came back.

Grogan took an envelope from his pocket and held it out to him. "Do you know this handwriting?"

Kane peered. "Yes. Yes, it's—Mrs. Fenton's."

From the envelope the inspector drew a sheet of paper.

"This note from her enclosed the cheque." He read it aloud: "Dear Vernon, Glad to have been able to help you to this. Nigel says again thanks and best wishes. Yours, J."

"Oh," Kane said blankly. "Oh..." His face had cleared as though a sponge had been drawn over it, wiping out its earlier anxiety.

"Any idea what this transaction was?"

"No, I can't say I have. I suppose it was some little piece of business between him and Mr. Tait-Smith, commission of some kind, perhaps."

"Yes, I see, could be." Grogan put the note and the cheque back in the envelope.

When Kane had gone, two statements that he had made remained in Grogan's mind; that Mrs. Kane had said she had slept all the afternoon on a sedative administered by Mrs. Fenton, and that her headaches dated from about the time Vernon Walsh had landed in on them from Malaya.

Sergeant Manning told him that Mrs. Fenton was in the flat opposite—people of the name of Anderson—and they crossed the landing and rang the bell.

The inspector said: "Mrs. Fenton, would you just tell us about the finding of the body?"

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"Yes, indeed," Jenny said in her warm, frank tone.

"I understand from the caretaker that the occupants of these two flats went out before midday. Correct?" His glance of inquiry roped in Mick and Ellie.

Ellie said breathlessly: "Perfectly correct. You see—"

"For my wife and me, anyhow," Mick put in easily.

"Mustn't try to answer for other people, darling. Might get yourself and them into a fix."

Jenny flashed him a smile.

"Thanks, Mick. Actually, I went out quite a bit before midday and I didn't get back till half-past five."

Adding to his statement, Mick told the inspector that he and his wife had left together not later than half-past twelve. His wife had gone shopping and he had gone to the office and paid a couple of business calls. He'd been away from Sydney for five months, up in the Territory. Today he got home shortly before this ghastly affair broke.

Ellie told, as Mick paused, that she had come back home between three and half-past. No she hadn't heard any voices or sounds from Mrs. Fenton's flat. Mightn't have, anyhow, what with the hum of the vacuum-cleaner. Her daily maid was away this week and she'd taken advantage of a free afternoon to do a bit of work about the place.

Having heard all this, Mick sat down on the arm of Ellie's chair and lighted a cigarette, looking, she thought, as though he confidently believed that that washed his hands and hers of all to do with this crime. But did it? she wondered, wishing she could feel half so sure.

Jenny looked quite serene, in spite of the circumstances that made her the centre of Vernon's death. Still in the pencil-straight suit skirt and the frilly blouse, now a little crumpled, she sat back, knees crossed, revealing the shapely dancer's legs. The smoke from her cigarette curled upwards round her dark curling hair. The inspector found himself thinking that it was hard luck for a bloke to be dead when there was something as nice as this to look at.

He said jovially: "Shopping, eh? I expect that covers the activities of most of you ladies of a fine afternoon?"

"Pretty often," Jenny agreed, "but not mine today. Mrs. Anderson and I had arranged something of the sort together but it fell through and I went alone." She paused.

A brief silence. The inspector nodded. Tait-Smith moved his weight on to the other foot. The constable wrote in his book. Alone? the silence seemed to echo. Not a nice word to have written down about you on an afternoon when a man was killed in your flat. The air in the room seemed suddenly stagnant. Leaning for comfort against Mick's thigh, Ellie felt the muscles tense.

But Jenny just sat turning the star sapphire ring round and round on her plump eighteenth-century hand. She went on: "I had a sandwich and a glass of milk at a milk bar, and shortly before two I was walking up Pitt Street, rather bored at the thought of buying myself a pair of white shoes, when I ran into Mr. Bernard Rickard."

"Rickard? That's one of the tenants in the flats?"

"Yes, he and his wife live below. He was at a loose end, too, and suggested that we went to a picture together. So we dropped in at the Rialto and

saw that musical that's on there."

So that was it! Pity that had to come out, the thought flashed to Ellie. That was why Jenny had asked her this morning to say they were going shopping together. Poor Jenny! She was so attractive that she couldn't do the smallest thing without making someone jealous. Selma was desperately jealous of everything to do with Bernie. She'd be tormented when she heard of this. And how sour Nigel Tait-Smith was looking!

Jenny went on without the smallest pause: "It's a good show—we enjoyed it. But when I think now what was happening in my room—Oh!" She gave a little shudder.

Grogan said sympathetically: "My word, yes. Must've been a real nasty shock for you."

"When we left the theatre we strolled across the Park. Mr. Rickard had left his car on the other side of the cathedral. We stopped in the Park to have a cigarette and chat and watch the people for a while, and then drove back here. We walked upstairs together, and then I remembered a book I'd promised to lend Mrs. Rickard and asked him to come up and get it. I ran into my bedroom to fetch it and there—"

"Got any idea how Walsh got into your flat? Was anything open? Did he have a key?"

"No, he didn't, but today I left my key with Campbell, Mrs. Livingstone's servant, so that he could re-pot my cyclamens, and I told him to leave it for me when he'd done, behind the curtain on the window-sill of the landing window."

"Anybody else know about this arrangement?"

"I don't think so..." She wrinkled her brows.

Followed what the inspector casually called a few routine questions: as to when they had last seen Walsh; whether they knew if he had any trouble on his mind, any enemies; how well they knew him?

Ellie said she knew him quite well. During the past month or so he'd often dropped in for tea with her. And Jenny—of course they were old friends. He'd been bookkeeper on the plantation next to her husband's in Malaya. Mick said he'd never set eyes on him, and Tait-Smith announced that he had met the unfortunate young man twice.

Grogan asked: "Would that be in connection with your cheque for the four hundred and fifty pounds that was in his pocket, enclosed with a note from Mrs. Fenton?"

"That's correct. He had a piece of jade that he wanted to sell, and I bought it from him. One night this week—what's this, Wednesday? Monday, I think it was, he brought it up to Mrs. Fenton's flat to show me. Mrs. Fenton is very knowledgeable about such things, and after he'd gone she said she thought it was worth the price he was asking, and I wrote that cheque and left it with her to give him."

"I see." Grogan turned back to Jenny. "When did you give it to him, Mrs. Fenton?"

"Yesterday. Yesterday morning."

"That's funny, now." She looked up quickly, inquiringly. "What is?"

"Our finger-print man tells me there was none of the dead man's prints on it. Not on the envelope or the letter or the cheque."

She said: "Really? That does seem strange. But I'll tell you what happened. Yesterday morning I went down meaning to slip it under his door before

To page 55



I went out, but I met him in the entrance hall. I said, 'Look, Vernon, look what I've got for you!' and I tore open the envelope and fluttered the cheque at him. I knew he was hard up, and that he'd be pleased. Then I put it back into the envelope and stuffed it into his pocket."

"Which pocket would that be now?"

She considered. "Let me think . . . He was standing with his back to the door . . . It was the left outside pocket of his coat."

Grogan said dryly: "Yes, that's where we found it."

A few minutes later, on the landing outside, he said to Manning: "Well, that's the funniest hard-up bloke I ever heard of. Do you reckon he never fished that envelope out of his pocket and had a look at that cheque? Kissed it, smelt it. Let alone took it to his bank and paid it in."

For the moment the sergeant was brooding acutely on another aspect of the subject. "Four hundred and fifty quid for some rubbishy curio to stick up on a shelf. I'd take it off 'em! Squealing about their taxes, eh?" And he went back into Jenny's flat.

On the landing below, Grogan paused. Door on the right. That was where the old lady lived. Voices inside. The door was shut.

It had been open a few minutes earlier when Peter Livingstone had come hurrying up the stairs. Campbell, in the hall, had tried to speak to him, but Peter had brushed past him and gone on to the sitting-room. He had recoiled in horror when his mother told him what had happened.

"Where was she, where was Mrs. Fenton?"

"When it happened? Well, luckily for her, she told me she was out at the pictures with Bernard Rickard."

"Bernard Rickard?"

"Yes. And if that infatuated wife of his doesn't think that's worse than murder I'll be very much surprised."

Peter stood motionless, still staring. He looked as though he weren't taking in her words.

Continuing . . .

## Murder and Poor Jenny

from page 54

her dark leathery face seemed to add, a woman off duty wasn't going to give eye or ear to anything, even murder.

She went out, coldly uncooperative.

Peter asked: "Have you established the hour at which he was killed, Inspector?"

"Round about three, the doctor thinks. Did you know him at all well, Mr. Livingstone?"

"Don't suppose I've met him more than half a dozen times. I live three hundred miles from Sydney. I'm not often in town."

"When did you see him last?"

"For a minute or two," Peter said slowly, "last night. I had dinner here with my mother, and he was still in there with



the books when I left and we exchanged a few words as I passed."

"Any idea how he happened to have twenty ten-pound notes in his pocket?"

"None. I know nothing about his private affairs."

Mrs. Livingstone, always indifferent when Peter was speaking, put in quickly: "Don't go, Campbell. The inspector wants to know what time Mr. Walsh left here today."

The inspector noted the sudden change that softened all her sharpness, and thought: This feller's the boss, not her.

Campbell said: "Yes, madam. What time he left here? I didn't see him after lunch. I'd

promised to re-pot Mrs. Fenton's plants. She'd given me her latchkey and at two o'clock, when I passed through the hall here, the door of the room where Mr. Walsh sat was shut, and I thought he was in there at work. At least, I wouldn't care to say I thought about him at all. I just went up the stairs and into Mrs. Fenton's, got the two plants and carried them downstairs to the back garden, re-potted them and took them up again and left the key on the landing window-sill, which she'd requested me to do."

"What did you do with the key while you were downstairs?"

"I had it in my pocket."

"Did you shut the door when you went down?"

Campbell allowed himself a small smile, faintly patronising. "I did, sir. Not that it was strictly necessary in a place of this class. However, I put one of the pots down and pulled the door shut behind me."

"How long were you down there in the back garden?"

"About twenty-five to thirty minutes, I'd say."

"Did you see anybody, speak to anybody?"

"Nobody. Nobody at all . . ."

Just then, Detective-Sergeant Manning gave a knock on the Andersons' open door. Ellie was crossing the hall carrying a pair of sheets and pillow-slips to the spare bedroom. She put them down and led him into the sitting-room.

Mick dropped the paper he'd been trying to read and got up.

Manning threw them both a disparaging look and cast at their feet a blunt statement: "There was half a dozen white hairs on the back of the deceased's coat."

"Is that so?" Mick said cheerfully, nobody having white hair around there. "Any idea whose they were?"

"Yeah, we have. When I was in this room earlier in the evening I plucked a few hairs out of that rug you got there, and they're the same as was on his coat."

"That?" Ellie stammered: "That rug?"

Mick exclaimed: "How could they have got there?" His question was to Manning.

"That's what I'm here to find out."

"It's—it's rather an old-fashioned piece," Ellie said, stirring the bearskin with her foot. "I'm fond of it because it belonged to my father, but the hairs do come out a bit. But I told you before, Vernon often used to come in here and see me, have tea or a drink."

"And lay around on the rug?" Manning asked.

"Well . . . once, I seem to remember, he threw himself down on it, while I was in the kitchen."

"Recent like?"

"N-no. He hasn't been in here since my husband got back three days ago."

"I see. After that he kept away?"

"Oh, it wasn't that he kept away specially," Ellie said, on a rising note of impatience. "He was busy, I suppose, and knew I'd be taken up with my husband's return."

"Yes." Slowly Manning looked Mick up and down where he stood, tall, powerfully built, shoulders squared against the mantelpiece. Then the melancholy gaze turned back to Ellie.

He said: "Well, look, Mrs. Anderson, are you tryin' to make out this feller's been carrying those white hairs around on his shoulders for the best part of a week?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Never took out a brush and brushed 'em off?"

"Oh, you don't know Vernon. He never bothered about his appearance. He wore any old thing, old flannels, old shoes."

"You seem to have known him pretty well yourself."

"Of course I knew him, quite well."

"Do you happen to know how he came by a couple of hundred pounds in tenners that he had on him?"

"No, I don't."

"Did he talk much about his private life?" Manning asked. "When he was layin' around on that rug?"

She only shook her head. They were both staring at her. Suddenly she burst out: "You needn't look at me like that! Poor Vernon! I know what you're thinking. But it wasn't anything like that. He didn't come here to make love to me. He just came because he was lonely. We were both lonely—sad—and two sad people come together, in a kind of way, just as two happy people do—or even more so, I think. Poor Vernon, I'm glad I tried to help him. I—"

Mick said: "Look here, Sergeant, the rest of your questions'll have to wait till tomorrow. Understand? I'm not going to have my wife badgered any more tonight. They were good friends, she and Walsh, and this thing's been a big shock to her." He shepherded her out of the room, said over his shoulder: "Come back tomorrow if you want to know any more."

When Manning had gone, Mick went out to the kitchen to make tea.

Ellie was back in the sitting-room when he brought in the tray. She was standing in the middle of the room looking startled, looking absent.

"Well?" he inquired, "what now? Anything fresh, darling?"

"No, Mick," she said quickly. "No. No, nothing," and came across and picked up the teapot.

But she held it such a long time, poised, looking down at it blankly, that Mick took it out of her hand and put it back on the tray. "Listen, Ellie," he said, "have you got something on your mind?"

"No."

"Something you didn't tell that policeman?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Oh, Mick, don't be silly! Don't be so silly!" she cried, but with far more furious denial in her tone than his question seemed to call for.

To be continued



we're saving pounds . . .



my whole



family is



walking



on—

# DUNLOP WEARITE

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on my smartest casuals!  
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on my husband's shoes!  
— it's so cool and comfortable!



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F 36 B



**Milk Shake Magic!** Add a brimming tablespoon of jam and a few drops of cochineal to a cup of milk, then whisk to an airy pink froth in your mixer or blender. Jam adds flavour and energy value . . . even tempts the little folk who think they "don't like milk". (A scoop of strawberry ice cream makes it even better.)



#### Raspberry Sundae Cake

3 ozs. (3 level tablespoons) butter or margarine; 6 ozs. (6 level tablespoons) sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raspberry jam; 1 egg;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  level cups self-raising flour; 3 level tablespoons cocoa;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Cream the shortening, sugar and warmed raspberry jam till light and fluffy. Add the egg and beat well. Add sifted flour and cocoa alternately with milk, beating smooth after each addition. Bake in 2 greased and floured 7-inch tins for 25-30 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, fill and top with Raspberry Cream. When cream has set, cover with chocolate icing.

**Raspberry Cream:** Beat together 2 level tablespoons melted vegetable shortening, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons raspberry jam. Add 2 level tablespoons icing sugar, 4 level tablespoons powdered milk, 1 tablespoon hot water and a few drops of cochineal. Beat till light and fluffy.



Jam in the mixture, as well as in the filling, is the secret of this one-egg wonder cake.

look at all you can do with

# Jam



**Swedish Jam Pancakes.** Serve your next pancakes the Swedish way. Follow your usual recipe, but instead of rolling the pancakes, stack them one on top of the other. When all the pancakes are made, put warm dark jam between them. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve in fat, meltingly tender wedges. Having pancakes soon?

Jam has very high energy value.  
There are 100 calories in one tablespoonful of jam . . .  
Put a dish of jam on the table each mealtime to encourage reluctant eaters.



**Fluffy Apricot Coconut Puddings.** Golden apricot jam is right in the mixture, as well as spooned over the top. 3 tablespoons soft margarine; 2 tablespoons sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup apricot jam;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla; 1 egg; 1 cup fine bread-crumbs;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup desiccated coconut;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups (5 ozs.) self-raising flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Cream margarine, sugar and jam. Add egg and beat till light. Combine flour, crumbs and coconut and add them, a little at a time, alternately with milk. Fill well-greased individual moulds  $\frac{2}{3}$  full, cover with 2 thicknesses of greased paper and steam 40 minutes. Turn out carefully, cover with hot apricot jam and sprinkle with coconut. For a special surprise: add a tablespoon of brandy to the jam just before you spoon it over the puddings.



BY OUR FOOD AND  
COOKERY EXPERTS

# Simple Dinner



● Simple food is often the most delicious. It's the way in which it is flavored and served that makes it taste so good, and gives the meal a gala appearance.

THE menus on this page are planned to add fresh interest to warm-weather meals. The recipes are different, delicious, and easy to prepare.

Begin the meal with a bright, attractive appetiser or a fruit cocktail. These often stimulate appetites that may have flagged during the heat of the day. Your favorite cream soup, chilled and served with savory biscuits or Melba toast, is a real refresher, too.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## MENU I

### Appetiser Salad.

Layered Lamb Casserole with Green Peas, Carrot Rings, Cauliflower, and Potato.  
Stuffed Peaches with Ice-Cream.  
French Bread, Biscuits and Cheese.  
Coffee.

### APPETISER SALAD

Arrange attractively on individual plates a combination of lettuce leaves, red-skinned apple wedges, pineapple fingers, and baked beans in tomato sauce. Garnish with parsley, serve chilled.

### LAYERED LAMB CASSEROLE

Six chump chops, 3 tomatoes, 1 small green pepper, 2 or 3 rashers bacon, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup gravy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup

tomato soup, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Brown chops on both sides in melted fat, remove. Add sliced onion, brown lightly; remove. Arrange chops, sliced tomato and green pepper, chopped bacon (rind removed), and onion in alternate layers in large ovenproof dish, finishing with tomato, onion, green pepper, and bacon. Mix gravy with tomato soup and sauce, season, pour into dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours until meat is tender. Serve piping hot. Serves 4 or 5.

### STUFFED PEACHES

Eight to ten peach halves (cooked or preserved),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped preserved ginger,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped glace or Maraschino cherries, 1 tablespoon peach syrup, 1 tablespoon ginger syrup, ice-cream, chopped nuts and cherries to decorate.

Drain peaches, fill centres with ginger, walnuts, and cherries mixed together. Arrange on serving dish, spoon peach and ginger syrup over each and chill. Serve with ice-cream sprinkled with chopped nuts and cherries. Serves 4 or 5.

### ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups dry powdered milk, vanilla.

Warm fresh milk, add butter, and allow

to melt. Mix sugar with gelatine, add hot water, and stir over gentle heat until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add to warmed milk with powdered milk and beat thoroughly 4 or 5 minutes. Freeze in refrigerator trays until firm around edges. Return to basin, beat until doubled in bulk. Flavor with vanilla and return to trays. Freeze until firm.

## MENU II

### Tomato and Pineapple Cocktail.

Sautéed Veal with Sliced Beans, Pumpkin, and Potatoes.  
Melon Surprise.  
Coffee.

### TOMATO AND PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

One and a half cups tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 cup finely diced pineapple, mint leaves to garnish.

Combine tomato juice, lemon juice, and Worcestershire sauce. Season with salt and cayenne, chill thoroughly. Place pineapple in cocktail glasses and spoon tomato juice over. Garnish with mint leaves and serve immediately. Serves 4 or 5.

### SAUTEED VEAL

One and a half pounds veal steak, seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 shallots,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry white wine, 3 tablespoons stock or water, 6 or 8 tiny marble-sized onions, 3 tomatoes, 4oz. mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

YOU'LL ENJOY preparing and eating this simple dinner. The food, of course, is most important, but shining glass and silverware and a pleasing combination of color in the china and cloth make the meal. See Menu 1.

Cut the veal into service-sized pieces, coat with seasoned flour. Heat olive oil and butter or substitute in large pan, add veal, and brown quickly. Reduce heat, add chopped shallots, white wine, and stock or water. Bring to boiling point, add onions and skinned chopped tomatoes. Cover and cook gently  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour until meat is tender. Add sliced skinned mushrooms, cook further 10 minutes. Fold in parsley just before serving. Meat and vegetables may be removed and gravy thickened with little blended gravy browning if desired. Serves 4 or 5.

### MELON SURPRISE

One medium-sized honeydew melon or rock melon, 1 tray home-made or bought vanilla ice-cream, strawberries, raspberries, or passionfruit pulp, little sugar.

Cut a wedge from honeydew or rock melon. Remove seeds and centre pith and chill. Fill melon with ice-cream, replace wedge, and secure with cocktail stick if necessary. Cut into rings to serve, and top each ring with sugared raspberries or strawberries or passionfruit pulp. Serves 4 or 5.

Note: A similar sweet may be made with a papaw. Fill the papaw with lemon jelly, then, when the jelly is firmly set, cut into slices and top each slice with a scoop of ice-cream.



# New

tantalizing flavour!

## KRAFT

# Cheez Whiz

for fast cheese dishes and snacks

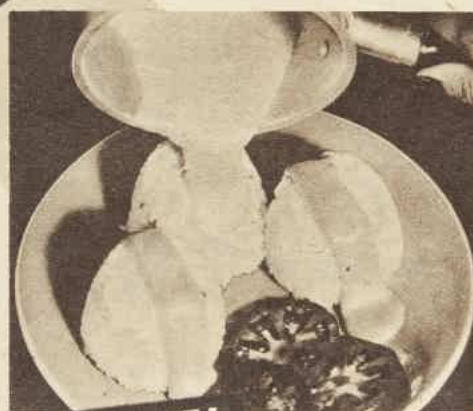


**SPOON IT!**

Rich, creamy-thick Cheez Whiz starts to melt the moment it touches hot food! Pop a spoonful on spaghetti — and in a few seconds there's that rich, tantalizing cheese flavour to add zest and nourishment!



**CREAMY!  
THICK! RICH!**  
Different from any cheese product you've ever had before!



**HEAT IT!**

A few minutes in a saucepan over very low heat and Cheez Whiz becomes the most elegant cheese sauce you ever served up! Perfect for party dishes. And so handy for glamorizing eggs, vegetables and left-overs.



**SPREAD IT!**

Keep a jar of Cheez Whiz handy and you're all set for all kinds of snacks and sandwiches — hot or cold. Rich, tantalizing Cheez Whiz is marvellous for toasted or plain sandwiches — grand spread on biscuits. *KWS.*



ACCESSORIES are important for cocktail or evening wear. This lovely bag in easy crochet has a simple elegance.

## Evening bag

THIS pretty evening bag, worked in crochet, costs little to make.

**Materials:** 1 ball No. 40 selected color Coats Chain Mercer-crochet cotton; piece of lining to match; metal top; Millwards steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

**Size of Motif:** 7½ in. square.

### FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

**1st Row:** Into ring work 8 d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**2nd Row:** 6 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last sl-st., \* 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr., 5 ch. and 1 dbl. tr. into next d.c., 1 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into next d.c., rep. from \* omitting 1 tr. 3 ch. and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch.

**3rd Row:** 2 d.c. into first 3 ch. sp., \* 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. (picot), 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. (picot), 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 2 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., rep. from \* omitting 2 d.c. at end of last rep. 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

### SECOND MOTIF

Work same as first motif for 2 rows.

**3rd Row:** 2 d.c. into first 3 ch. sp., 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c., 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of previous motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on second motif, 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp., on second motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 2 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of previous motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on second motif, 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp., on second motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c., into next 5 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st., into corresponding picot of previous motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on second motif, 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp. on second motif and complete as for first motif. Make 6 motifs by 13 motifs, joining each as second was joined to first.

### GUSSET

Make 8 motifs, 4 for each side.

**First motif of gusset:** Work same as for first motif of bag for 2 rows.

**3rd Row:** 2 d.c. into first 3 ch. sp., 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c., 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into joining between fifth and sixth motif on side of bag, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on gusset motif, 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 2 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot on sixth motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into joining between seventh and eighth motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on gusset motif, 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 2 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot on eighth motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into same 3 ch. sp. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into joining between motifs, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last d.c. on gusset motif, 2 d.c. into same 5 ch. sp. on gusset motif, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. on gusset. Fasten off. Work 3 more motifs, joining in same manner. Work gusset on other side of bag to correspond.

### EDGING

Join thread in centre picot of top motif in gusset, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next picot, \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next picot; rep. from \* all round top of bag, join with a sl-st. to first of 5 ch.

**2nd Row:** \* 5 d.c. over ch., 1 d.c. into d.c.; rep. from \* all round. Fasten off.

Sew bag to handles.

Line bag with contrasting silk and sew on to handles.

### INSIDE EDGING

Using a double thread make a ch. 50 in. long, double this over and whip together, draw up thread used for whipping to form a slightly ruched edging. Sew this neatly to inside of bag.



## PRIZE RECIPES

Savory salmon balls served with piquant sauce wins this week's £5 prize in our popular recipe contest.

CASH prizes are awarded to readers each week for good, tested recipes, containing readily available ingredients. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### SALMON BALLS WITH PIQUANT SAUCE

One 16oz. tin cooking salmon, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked rice, pinch salt, 3 onions, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 2 cups water, flour.

Drain salmon and flake, keeping liquor for future use. Add beaten egg, rice, and salt, mix well. Slice onions, fry in heated shortening until soft and tender. Add salmon liquor and water, bring to the boil. Roll salmon mixture into small balls, dredge with flour. Place salmon balls in boiling liquid, cook 10 minutes. Remove, arrange on

serving dish. Pour piquant sauce over, chill, serve with crisp salad.

**Piquant Sauce:** Beat 2 eggs, add 1 tablespoon water and strained juice of 2 lemons. Gradually add hot salmon liquid, stir over boiling water until thickened but do not allow to boil.

First prize of £5 to Miss N. Colyer, c/o Miss L. Montfort, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

### LUNCHEON PUFFS

Six slices sandwich bread, butter, pepper, 6 slices processed cheese, 6 thick slices tomato, 1 egg-white, pinch



USE YOUR BASIC RECIPE for vanilla-flavored biscuits, top each with meringue, and bake until golden brown. A dab of raspberry or apricot jam adds a delicious finish.

salt, 2 dessertspoons mayonnaise.

Remove crusts from bread, toast on one side only. Spread untoasted sides with butter, sprinkle with pepper. Cover each bread square with a slice of cheese and top with tomato. Beat egg-white stiffly with salt, fold in mayonnaise, pile on top of tomato slices, and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kiddle, Rural Delivery No. 9, Te Puke, New Zealand.

### ORANGE CUSTARD

One egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 cups milk, 2 cups bread or cake-crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated orange rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strained orange juice, 5 or 6 toasted marshmallows.

Beat egg, add sugar and salt. Stir in milk, gradually add breadcrumbs or cake-crumbs, orange rind and juice, and halved marshmallows. Pour into greased ovenware dish, stand in pan of cold water. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. May, 105 Alt Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

## FAMILY DISH

DEVILLED cutlets made up of cold cooked meat and rice flavored with curry, chutney, and sauces make this week's family dish.

This quantity makes about ten cutlets and costs approximately 5/9.

### DEVILLED CUTLETS

Two cups cold cooked rice, 2 cups minced or finely diced cold cooked meat, 2 dessertspoons curry powder (or more or less according to taste), 1 or 2 tablespoons fruit chutney, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Place rice, meat, curry powder, chutney, sauces, onion, parsley, and salt and pepper in large saucepan. Add beaten eggs and butter or substitute and cook gently 7 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Place on large flat plate and allow to cool. Mould into cutlet shapes, keeping fingers coated with seasoned flour. Coat with egg-glazing, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry until golden brown in fuming fat. Serve piping hot with vegetables and grilled tomato halves.

### Tony's luxury dish

## Omelet souffle

This type of omelet is really a sturdy type of souffle, says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"THE omelet should, of course, be served immediately, for it will deflate very quickly," Tony said.

"Flavored with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of strongly flavored grated cheese the same ingredients will make a good cheese souffle. Go about making it in exactly the same way."

Here is the recipe:

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups cream, salt, pepper, 4 or 5 eggs.

Make the usual bechamel sauce by heating butter, adding flour, and stirring to a golden paste. Gradually add the cream. Let cook a few minutes, then remove from fire and add the egg-yolks, one at a time. Season. Cool sauce a little before folding in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a buttered and floured baking-dish. Bake in a moderate oven until appetizingly browned, or place baking-dish in a pan of water in the oven until omelet is browned.

## Converted ice-chest wins prize

THIS week the £33/3/- cash prize in our homemakers' contest on how to make something

new from something old was won by Mr. F. Beaumont, Derham's Hill, via Morwell, Victoria.

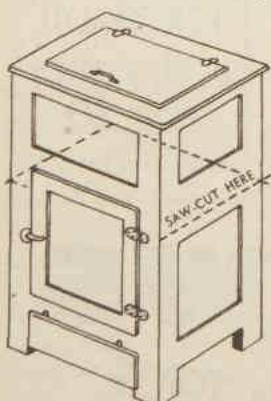
"I made two useful items of furniture—a bedside table for the children's room and a fireside seat and fuel container from an old ice-chest," Mr. Beaumont said in his letter.

The door to the food compartment of the chest, including the hinges and handle, was removed, also the lift-up flap at the base, the interior lining and insulation. These pieces were discarded.

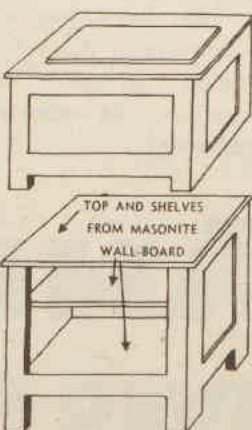
A saw-cut line was carefully marked around the chest as shown in the sketch at left, and the chest was sawn through along this line.

The lower half was then fitted with a top and two shelves of wallboard to make a bedside table with open shelves, and then painted. In the top section the metal ice-

container was retained and became the receptacle for fuel. "For more comfort," Mr. Beaumont said, "the top of the seat could be upholstered."



DOTTED LINES show where the ice-chest was sawn through to make a fireside seat and small bedside table.



FIRESIDE SEAT (top) and bedside table with shelves.

### PRACTICAL LAYETTE

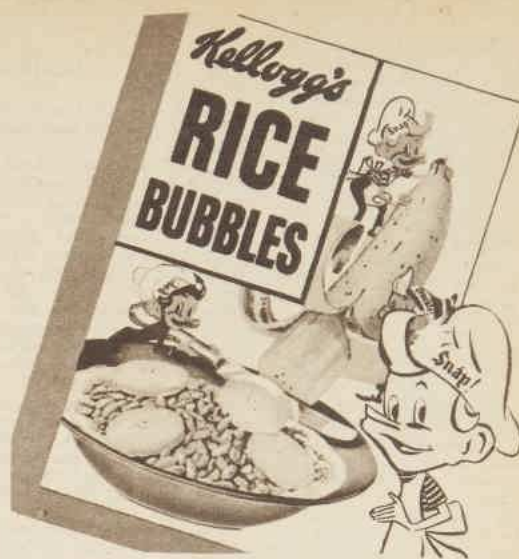
A BABY'S well-being is dependent on having suitable clothes as well as proper food and other attention.

Expectant mothers who are not quite sure what clothes to get for a new baby will find the layette recommended by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, a great help.

This simple and practical 12-piece layette includes two nightgowns, a carrying-coat, two dresses, a petticoat, matinee jacket, cotton shirt, bonnet, romper suit, and two types of pilchers.

An illustrated instruction sheet giving details of cutting and making the garments is included with each set of patterns.

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honeymoon on this boat? On her and Pete's boat. No, sir! "You were smart to notice the loose packing on the shaft," Pete said. "Only I'm afraid it isn't the packing. It's the shaft that's worn. Whips, you know." "Whips?" said Winsted.

"And, of course, the hull will have to be treated and repaired a little. Worms." "Maybe we better talk this thing over a little more, Cecile," said Widges. He nodded to Pete. "Thanks for being so frank, Field."

Pete drove them back to the office, and the city seemed stuffer and more cramped than ever before. Pete thought of the beautiful girl. He thought of the beautiful boat. He thought of a nautical honeymoon, sailing on and on into the sunset. Old Wilted? Nuts to him.

Pete mooned into the office, and Susy was putting on her jacket to go to lunch. She didn't look at Pete. "Did you sell the boat?" she asked coldly.

"Not this time," said Pete. "But I will next time, or the one after that. It takes a while to sell a boat."

"It does when the salesman does all his talking to the girl," "I'll let you in on it," he said dreamily. "I have met—Her."

She slammed out the door. That afternoon Pete gave her the rest of the script.

"I'm going to buy the Ellen IV," he said. "Honeymoon on a boat. That's for me—with Cecile. So all I have to do is



"I've been asked to get married dozens of times, but it's always been by my parents."

## Continuing . . . Blood of Vikings

from page 3

dropped Willow down a well—"Willow. And he'd make two of you."

"All fat," Pete said. "Susy, you're a smart girl, what'll I do? Can't you come up with some sharp idea for me?"

"Okay. How's this? Next time they look at the boat, take 'em out in it. Take 'em out when it's a little rough. Mr. Willow gets seasick, Miss Morley doesn't. He'll never think of honeymoons on boats again, she won't marry such a softy, you're in."

Pete started to say it was a wonderful idea, but then gave Susy a good, long look. "Wait a minute. How can you be so sure it's Widden who'll get sick instead of Cecile? She's a frail little thing."

"Frail, my ankle," said Susy. "As long as we're just pals and would never dream of being anything else, I'll let you in on something. Girls are a darned sight tougher than men."

"Put a girl and a man in any given situation and if anyone's going to get sick it'll be the man. So there you are. Take the two of them out on the bounding main, Willow gets cured of honeymoons on boats, Cecile gets cured of Willow. No charge."

Pete had a naturally trusting disposition, but it seemed to him that this was something to examine. He examined it from every angle all that evening and next day, however, without finding anything basically wrong with it.

It was a fact that women endure more than men—any insurance company can tell you that. And it was also a fact that Whistle, though beefy, was a pale kind of parsnip who should prove sickly in the clutch.

Three days later Susy brought him the paper folded to weather reports. "Cloudy with possible squalls. Wind 22 miles an hour, south."

So Pete called Cecile and said it looked a good day to demonstrate the Ellen IV if she and Mr. . . . ah . . . agreed. He

hoped she hadn't read the paper. She apparently hadn't.

Cecile and her doomed fiancé were at the wharf's end waiting in twenty-seven feet of car in chrome and cream. It looked like Widden could afford a yacht a little more easily than Pete could. But no matter. He thought that by pinching a bit here and there he could keep the Ellen IV going. And Cecile, too.

The fellow Pete had hired to run the boat took him aside. "It'll be a little choppy, Mac. More later."

"These people are all right," Pete said airily. "They like a bit of commotion." They boarded.

The man started to cast off, and Cecile said, "Wait. Someone's waving to us."

Pete stared along the dock and started a little.

"Isn't that the girl from your office?" Winsted said. "Say, you know, not many of 'em look so cute running."

Pete glared. So she was running, and the breeze had increased and pressed her clothes back hard against her, and the effect was AAAA. Did this pallid office despot have to stare like that?

Pete jumped out and met Susy and said out of the corner of his charming mouth, "What brought you here, and pull your dress down, will you?"

She smiled sweetly back at him. "Oh, that's all right," she said more audibly. "There wasn't any way to phone, so I thought I'd come personally with the good news. I got in touch with the owner of the boat, and for a quick sale she agreed to drop the price of the Ellen IV."

"Hooray for Mrs. Whatshername," said Winsted. He grinned at Susy as friendly as if he didn't have a girl already, the snake. "Hey, now you're here why don't you go for a ride with us?"

"Why, thanks," said Susy, while Pete tried to think where he might kick her without

its being seen. "I'd love to."

So with four passengers instead of three, they set sail in the Ellen IV.

"What's the pitch?" Pete grated in the undertone, with Cecile and Wizzle up in the bow.

Susy sighed. "You don't know? You're not very perceptive, Pete. It's Mr. Willow, of course. I thought it might not hurt my chances any to be on hand when he gets unspiced from Cecile. I think he's dreamy."

Pete looked at Susy, and aside from being a prosaic female with a mind down among the bungalows and budgets, she was one of the nicest girls he had ever met. Too nice, certainly, to be allowed to go off half-cocked like this. The boat slid out beyond the point sheltering the inlet and heeled over one way and then heeled back the other.

Cecile and Winsted came back from the bow, which was getting sprayed on. "Isn't it lovely?" Cecile said to Pete, ignoring Susy.

"She runs well," said Widdle pompously, speaking to Susy and ignoring Pete.

The boat dipped gracefully and slammed up less gracefully. Then it did a kind of figure eight while still going 12 knots forward. Pete looked hard at Winsted. Here was the crux of the plan. Pretty soon now he should be turning lavender around the margin and tottering for the lee rail to the amused scorn of Cecile Morley and Pete Field. It seemed to Pete that he was already a shade paler. Hard to tell, though: he was after-colored anyhow.

"Not so bad after all," Winsted said. He put his arm through Cecile's. "Oh, a sailor's life is the life for me, maybe. And we'll have our honeymoon at sea, maybe."

All braggadocio, of course. Pete knew that. His face was looking distinctly fuzzy now, to

Pete's clinical scrutiny. The boat rocked some more, and the guy at the helm called, "Want me to slow 'er down, Mac?"

"Certainly not," said Pete. He'd have no mercy on Weazel. "We want to see how she handles—handles—in a real blow."

"I wouldn't hardly call it no blow, but if you want me to take it easier . . ."

"Mel!" Pete said indignantly. "Me?"

Cecile laughed suddenly. "For heaven's sake, look at the man. He's positively green. And with the sea about as rough as you'd get in a bathtub."

The boat did a beautiful waltz step, bowed like a trained pony, and reared like a Brahma bull. Cecile was laughing fit to kill, and Winsted was grinning like an over-upholstered ape, and only Susy had a speck of brains and proper alarm about her.

Only Susy could see that Pete was suddenly at death's door from something he had eaten that morning.

Pete found himself at the stern with Susy warm and comforting beside him. "Poor darling," she was saying. "You probably had a lot of indigestible restaurant stuff for breakfast. There, there, don't mind me."

Time staggered beyond a green film, mingled with Cecile's witchlike laughter and Winsted's voice, remonstrating now. "Shut up, can't you? The guy's really having a rugged time."

Then Pete looked up and saw the wharf, as in a dream, and heard laughter and voices trailing back from the land. And Pete seemed to be stretched out on one of the benches lining the cockpit, with his head in Susy's lap and her soft hand stroking his bearded brow.

"There," Pete said weakly, "goes a girl who deserves it. A honeymoon on a boat."

"Yes, dear," said Susy, stroking.

## He transforms the scenery

IN princely India, where maharajahs and potentates enjoyed making their entertainments as lavish as possible, it was considered quite the thing to transform great ballrooms and reception halls into Spanish villages, Parisian streets, or ancient palaces.

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Shara is still following his chosen craft. Some of the beauty and ingenuity of Shara's work is revealed in color in the February 1 issue of A.M., now on sale.

"Doesn't know any better than to jerr at a man who's dying of acute indigestion."

"Yes, darling."

"You know it wasn't just being seasick, don't you, Susy? No ordinary seasickness could be like that."

"I know," she said. "Want me to phone for an ambulance? Get a doctor?"

"Well . . . I don't know that that's necessary, Susy. I seem to be getting better . . . You're an awfully swell person, Susy."

"Why, thanks," she murmured.

"Much too nice for West-hole."

"But if you take Cecile from him—"

"Her!" Pete struggled to a sitting position. "Did you see her? She laughed. And me maybe dying, for all she knew. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life as I feel for old Watchpocket."

"Yes, darling."

"I still think it might be fun to honeymoon on a boat."

"I think that would be divine," said Susy.

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F3521.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's cotton frock. The frock is styled with a contrasting yoke. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. for 4yrs., 6yrs., 8yrs., and 10yrs. Requires 1 5-8th yards to 2 1/4 yards (according to size) 36in. material and 1/4 yard 36in. contrast. Special price 2/-.

F3519



F3519.—Smartly tailored one-piece dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 3-8th yards 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F3520.—Button-front coat-dress finished with white pique accent. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yards 54in. material and 2-3rd yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F3520



F3521



F3522



F3524



F3522.—Small boy's tailored trousers and long-sleeved shirt. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. for 4yrs., 6yrs., 8yrs., and 10yrs. Requires 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 yards 36in. material (according to size) for shirt and 5-8th to 1 yard 54in. material (according to size) for trousers. Price 2/6.

F3523.—Overall designed with a cross-over fastening and heart-shaped pocket and frilly trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yards 36in. material and 2 1/4 yards Swiss embroidered edging. Price 3/6.

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 832.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN.

Pretty summer dressing-gown obtainable cut out ready to make in floral seersucker. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, and lemon, all printed with a floral design in pastel tones. Sizes: 31in. length for 2 years, 18/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 37in. length for 3 years, 17/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 41in. length for 4 years, 18/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 45in. length for 5 to 6 years, 19/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

### No. 833.—GUEST TOWELS.

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make, and each towel is clearly traced ready to embroider with a different design. The material is huckaback, the color choice includes white, blue, green, pink, and lemon. Size 19in. x 21in. Price, 6/11 each, Postage 5d. extra. Set of 3, 19/11. Postage 1/2 extra.

### No. 834.—DUCHESS SET.

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in an unusual waterlily design. The material and color choice includes cream Irish linen, white linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green. Sizes: Large mat, 11in. x 17in., small mats, 8in. x 8in. Price, 6/11. Postage 5d. extra.

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The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, and grey. Sizes: 18in. length for 2 years, 9/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 19in. length for 3 years, 10/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 20in. length for 4 years, 11/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 23in. length for 5 to 6 years, 12/11, postage and registration, 1/6.

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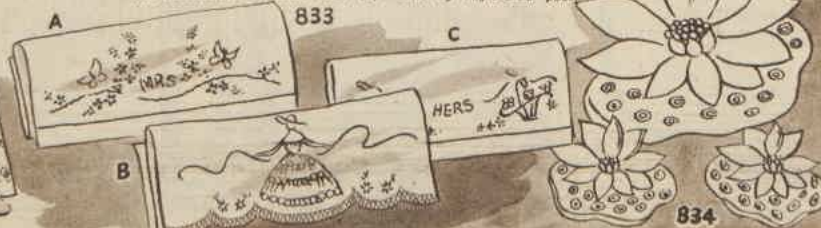
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